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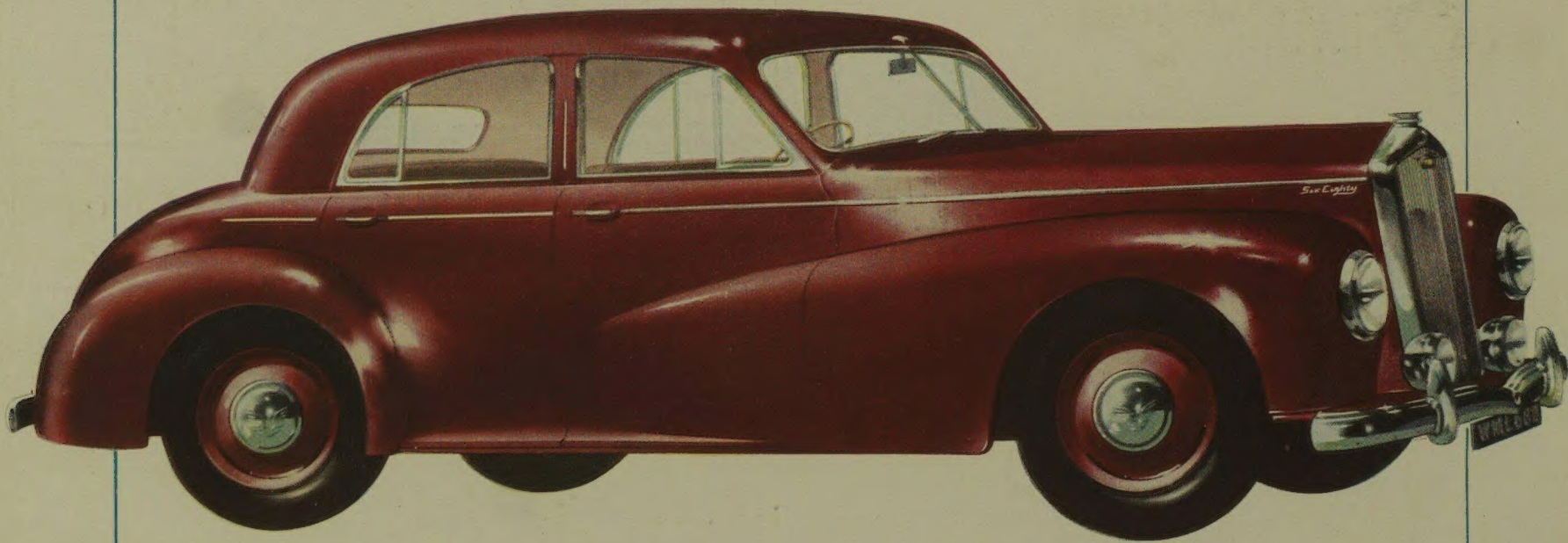


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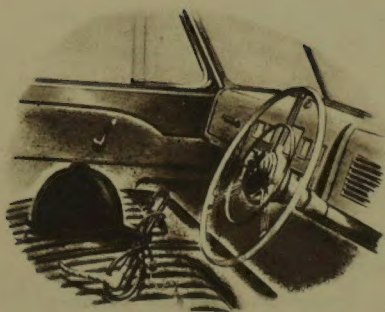




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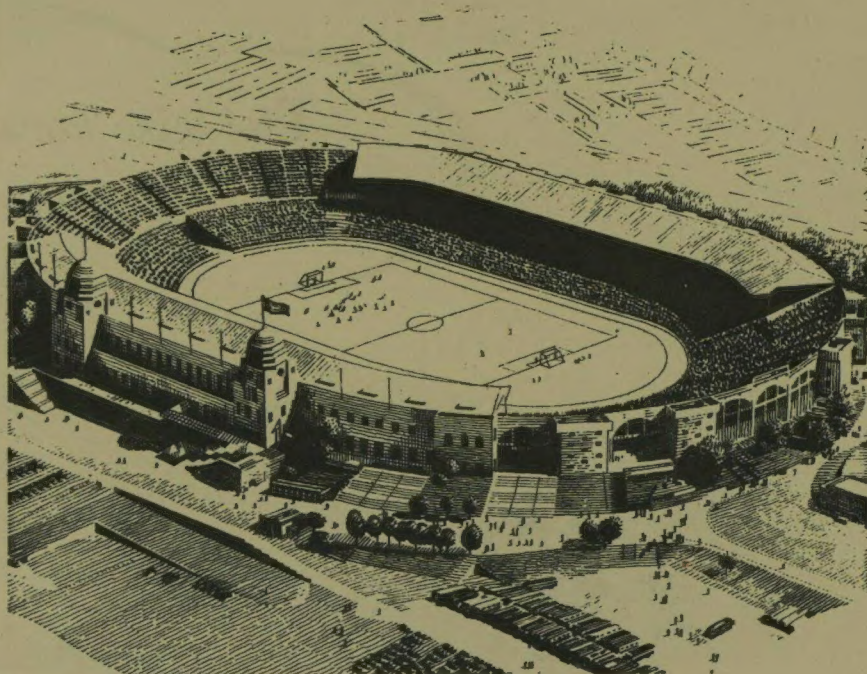


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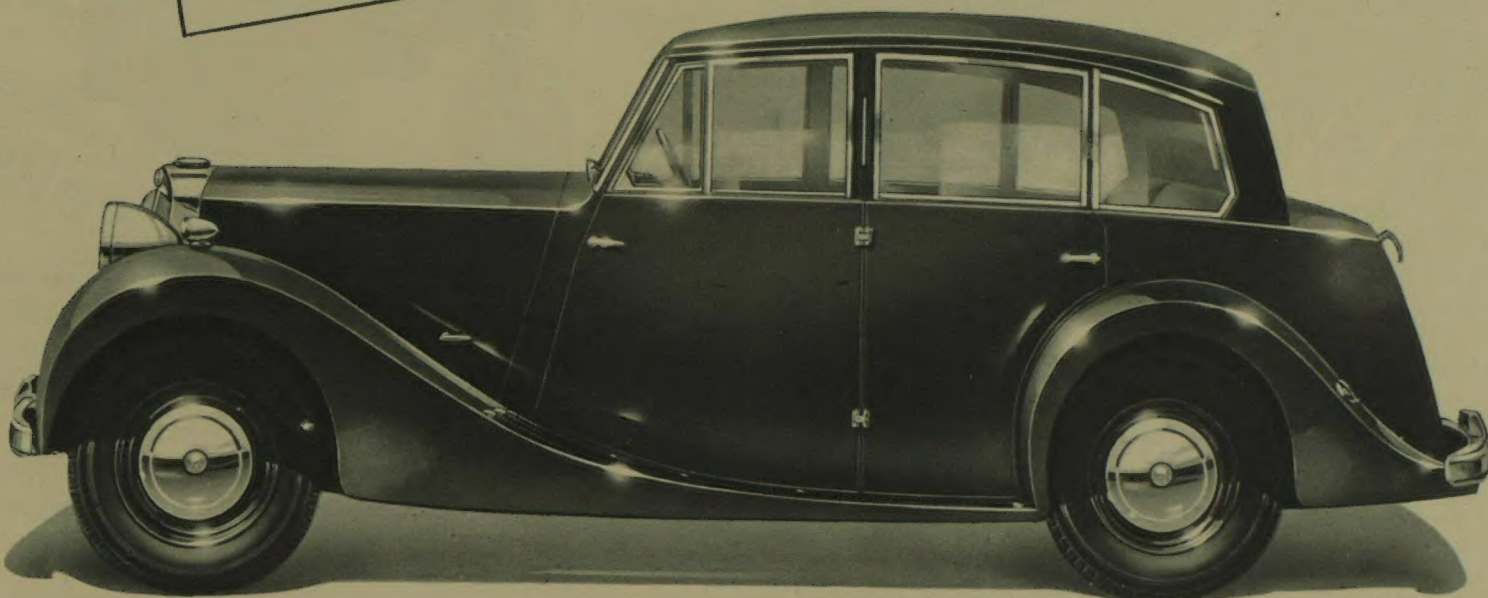
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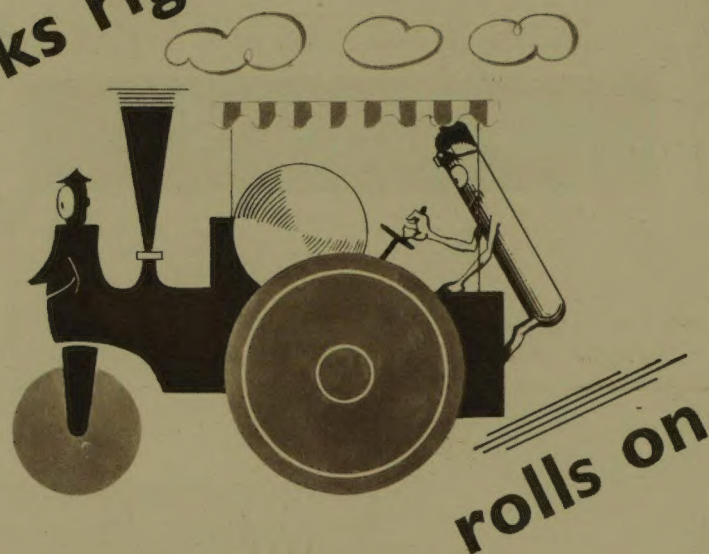
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Forks right



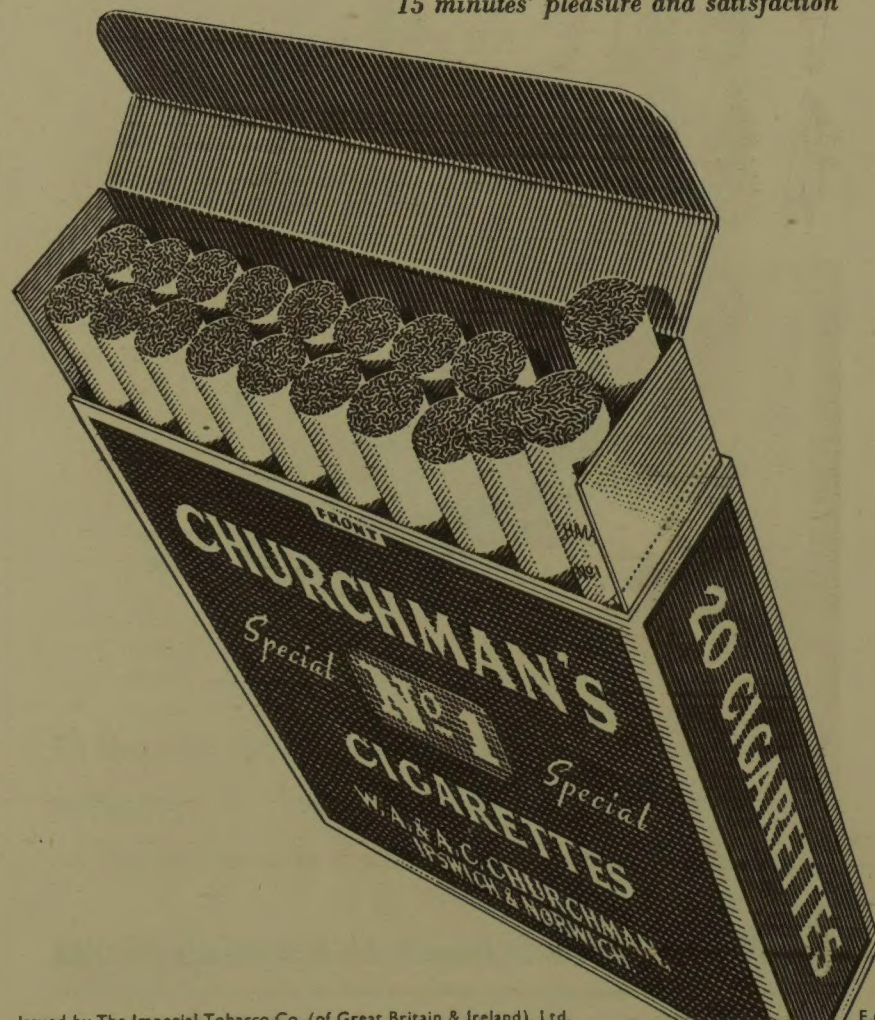
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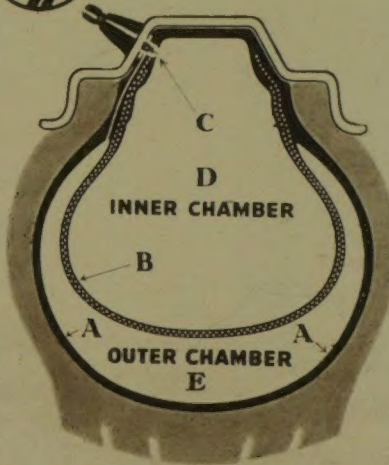


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That is the old story: Now, with the arrival on the market of Goodyear's revolutionary new Lifeguard Safety Tube, tyre bursts become as harmless as a slow leak. This strongly built twin-chamber inner tube outlasts as many as three normal tubes. It is an economical and very practical life insurance. It will bring new peace of mind to every motorist, especially the family-man.

HOW THE LIFEGUARD WORKS

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Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers (D & E) simultaneously.

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No. 1



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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1950.



THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR HONOURED GUESTS FROM FRANCE ENJOYING THE STIRRING CLOSE OF THE GREAT STATE BANQUET, AS THE PIPERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS MARCH ROUND THE TABLES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce a large drawing of the brilliant scene in the ball-room of Buckingham Palace, made by our Artist, who witnessed the banquet from the Musicians' Gallery. Here he shows an incident towards the end of the banquet which added yet another touch of colour and pageantry to an already brilliant spectacle. Ten pipers of the Scots Guards marched twice round the horseshoe table playing a march, a strathspey and a reel. This followed upon the only two speeches of the occasion. In the first the King, wearing the red ribbon of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, welcomed his guests from France and, concluding in

French, proposed the health of M. and Madame Auriol and the prosperity and good fortune of France. M. Auriol, who wore the crimson-ribbon of the Order of the Bath with which the King had invested him a few hours earlier, replied, and after referring to the seal of friendship which the sufferings of war had given, drank to the King and Queen and the prosperity of the United Kingdom. In our drawing (left) can be seen (left to right) Madame Auriol, the King, M. Auriol and the Queen. In the centre of this issue we devote fourteen pages (including a colour plate) to the visit of the President and Madame Auriol.

Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by our Special Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE visit of the President of the French Republic and of Mme. Auriol has recalled several things that we were very glad to remember and recover. It has reminded us that Russia and America are not the only great nations in the world. It has reminded us that there is such a thing as European civilisation, and that it has not ended yet in a Berlin rubble-heap or a Vienna sewer. It has brought back, if only for a day or two, a little of the sober but beautiful pageantry of State for which Britain has so long been famous. And it has revived, too, memories of battles fought together against a common foe and, for all of us who have been fortunate enough to travel and sojourn in France in peacetime, of those splendours, graces and elegances in which that fair and pleasant land excels all others—*toutes les gloires de la France*.

For nearly half a century the French and British nations have been allies against the threat of Eastern barbarism, though unfortunately their alliance has usually only become active in the hour when the barbarians have attacked or when, immediately after defeat, they have been totally disarmed. At other times both peoples have been too much concerned with their own affairs to act in constructive collaboration and, though nominally allied, or at any rate closely associated, have even bickered and occasionally gravely misunderstood one another. Yet war between them has become virtually unthinkable; even the appalling stresses and strains of 1940 and all the pressure and compelling force of the enemy could not bring that about. They are peoples very different from one another, and yet linked in a common destiny, deriving comradeship from their close geography and still more from their long and germinating history.

The French are logical—sometimes a rather dangerous virtue in an illogical world—ardent in debate, thrifty and most industrious in whatever their brain approves, though not when it disapproves, and fundamentally civilised: probably by far the most civilised nation in the world to-day, though this, as things are, is perhaps not saying very much. They understand, as no other people, those twin essentials, food and wine: this is one manifestation, and an admirable one, of their sense of logic. They are artistic, intellectual, masters and mistresses of all the arts of life, not very musical—since the seventeenth century their music has been confined mostly to the expression of passion or of thought—and much given to a harmless and most endearing, and often beautiful, vanity. They are magnificent husbandmen, having long taken our place as the finest farmers in the world. They are valiant and tireless in attack, but, like all artists, are apt at times to grow disheartened and to tire—though their resilience in defeat is beyond all praise. Above all, they are profoundly radical, loving in politics, as in thought, to go to the root of the matter. Whether there is any root of the matter is, of course, another question; there seems little to suggest, anyway, that the French have ever found it.

The English—I will not be so presumptuous as to write of the Scots, Welsh or Irish—are illogical, un-ardent, puddingy, extravagant, and rather lazy, though fortunately their climate is such, particularly in the northern parts of their land, that they can never afford to be lazy for very long. They are great lovers of comfort, which in the past has been, and probably will be again, their salvation—for it has

forced them to work hard and even, at times, to fall into a kind of unreflecting habit of working. Most of their industrial plant, their former commercial and financial supremacy, and their horrible industrial cities were built during a period of such habitude. They are only half-civilised: wholly so in their quiet and resolute dislike of violence and their political genius for avoiding it, and almost equally the reverse in their contempt for the arts and for those pariahs among them who rashly practise these, often it must be admitted, exceedingly well. They are sadly lacking in aesthetic sense, though their aristocracy once possessed a very strong one: to realise how lacking, one has only to look at almost anything executed by their Office of Works. They are not in the least—*pace* their Third Programme—intellectual. They have almost entirely lost their former genius for the arts of life: their principal idea of entertainment to-day is either kicking or otherwise propelling a ball around to rules as illogical as their own minds,

stupidity and indolence, they present a magnificent and sometimes, unfortunately, irresistible target. They are not radicals, though many of them sincerely think themselves so, but the most incorrigible conservatives in the world. Ask the Kremlin for its views on Mr. Bevin! Perhaps I have a little overstated their shortcomings!

The English and French have certain things in common. They both desire peace. They love their homes. They insist on personal liberty and practise, at whatever sacrifice, political self-government. They detest, to the point of war if necessary, bullies and bullying. They are great civilisers of others, though curiously enough in entirely different ways, the English propagating and teaching their political and administrative recipes for avoiding violence and the French their love of the arts and the pleasures of peaceful society. Indeed, between them, the English and the French, together with the now far richer and more powerful Americans, who are the political heirs of

both, could probably without difficulty civilise the entire world if only they could bring themselves to unite and act firmly and constructively against the Eastern barbarians who successively retard man's progress. Ultimately, of course, the Eastern barbarians may force them to unite and act—if they can only survive their onslaught—firmly, finally and constructively, but the price may well prove disastrous to themselves and the world.

The President of the French Republic's gracious visit and the warm welcome accorded to it, have strengthened a little further the bonds which are slowly but increasingly and, I believe, inevitably uniting the British and French peoples in a broad union of common belief and purpose. Sometimes a great poet like Mr. Churchill, ranging in imagination far ahead of his time, suggests that the process so happily begun in the last half-century should be accelerated and brought more swiftly to its ultimate and logical conclusion. Such a moment came in the blinding hour of vision in 1940 when the British Government offered the French Government and nation a complete union with ours. As a gesture in the broad sweep of history it was, of course, sublime; as practical politics at the time it was on much the same plane as would have been a British landing—at midsummer, 1940—on the Normandy beaches.

That occasional political innocence which is one of the most endearing, yet disconcerting, traits in Mr. Churchill's wonderful genius caused him to overlook the fact that at the moment the offer—so generous and spontaneous on his own part—could only seem an insult to a proud people, who not unnaturally attributed their defeat and the calamity which had submerged them—and from which Britain was free—to the indolent British refusal to maintain an Army or to take any real share in the defence of Western Europe till the enemy, fully armed, was thundering at the gates. For a few months, until the Germans had performed their horrible and repulsive work of re-education, it almost made every Frenchman a Vichy-ite. It seemed as if the unrealist and perfidious British were adding insult to injury. To-day that moving gesture can be seen in its true and historic perspective as a signpost in the destiny of two great peoples and in the progress of mankind. The road ahead is still long and dusty, but we are following it together.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL (EXTREME LEFT, NEXT TO HER MAJESTY) ON ARRIVAL IN LONDON ON MARCH 7: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THEIR HONOURED GUESTS, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Their Majesties the King and Queen were at Victoria Station on Tuesday, March 7, to welcome M. Vincent Auriol, President of the French Republic, and Mme. Auriol on their arrival by special train from Dover. The platform was dressed for the occasion and brilliantly lit. Great crimson curtains formed an effective backdrop for the intertwined flags of France and Britain, which were flanked by cirelets in silver laurel-leaves enclosing the letters "R.F." The King wore the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet and the Queen was in lavender colour. Mme. Auriol's dress and coat were of French grey with matching fur trimming. The President and his wife were greeted in turn by their Majesties, Princess Elizabeth and other members of the Royal family, and the distinguished persons assembled for the ceremony, who included the Lord Mayor of London, the Prime Minister and the three Chiefs of the Services, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, and Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, and Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, were presented in turn before the drive in State to the Palace.

or standing in a queue to witness films—and, generally speaking, what films! They are very musical, though for the most part they are too lazy to practise the art, and though but for their hatred of violence they would probably have stoned the lot, have produced more great poets than any other race in history, not excepting the ancient Greeks and the ancient Hebrews. They are not vain, but quite invincibly, unconsciously and, to others, intolerably, certain of their own unquestionable superiority. They used to be magnificent husbandmen, but gave it up long ago, like the art of cooking, for buying processed, devitalised, and supposedly cheap but in reality very expensive—especially to the teeth and stomach linings—calory-intakes brought from other lands in refrigerators and tins. They are very slow in attack, but are almost immovable in defence and absolutely undismayable, since it never occurs to them that they can be beaten and since they are ready to die to a man, and with a sullen and terrible savagery, in pursuance of this deep-seated conviction. For this reason they are better not attacked, though at first, owing to their

THE REFERENDUM ON KING LEOPOLD: ROYAL VOTERS AND PROPAGANDA.



PROPAGANDA IN FAVOUR OF KING LEOPOLD FROM THE SKIES: A FLIGHT OF AIRCRAFT BEARING "OUI" AND "JA" SIGNS ON BANNERS PASSING OVER BRUSSELS ON MARCH 12, THE DAY OF THE REFERENDUM, WHICH RESULTED IN A VOTE OF 57.68 PER CENT FOR THE KING.



DEFACED BY THE ADDITION OF SWASTIKA SIGNS, AND WITH THE "OUI" SCORED THROUGH: A PRO-LEOPOLD POSTER IN BRUSSELS.



IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: KING LEOPOLD, WHO RETURNED FROM THENCE TO HIS RESIDENCE NEAR GENEVA BEFORE THE VOTING DAY.



DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH THE NONAGENARIAN KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN, WHO IS OBVIOUSLY ENCOURAGING HIM WITH SYMPATHY: KING LEOPOLD, WHOSE FIRST WIFE, THE LATE QUEEN ASTRID, WAS A PRINCESS OF SWEDEN. HE GAVE AN UNDERTAKING TO ABDICATE IF HE RECEIVED LESS THAN 55 PER CENT. VOTES.



AFTER REGISTERING HER VOTE IN BRUSSELS: QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM, MOTHER OF KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS.



BEARING A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE QUEEN ASTRID, AND THE WORDS: "WE VOTE 'NO.' MAJESTY, YOU REMAIN OUR QUEEN AND YOUR SON IS OUR KING": AN ANTI-KING LEOPOLD POSTER WHICH NO ONE WOULD DEFACE.

The results of the referendum in Belgium for or against the return of King Leopold were announced by the Ministry of the Interior early on March 13. The final figures were 57.68 per cent. in his favour. He has said that he would abdicate if he received less than 55 per cent., but Parliament, which will now examine the figures, is not bound to restore him on the strength of any definite percentage. Out of the total vote of 5,236,740, there were 5,085,263 valid votes, with 2,933,382 in favour of his return and 2,151,881 against. Voting passed off quietly, though there were various demonstrations, such as a small flight of aircraft over Brussels trailing Leopoldist



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF KING LEOPOLD AND OF THE LATE QUEEN ASTRID: PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE, VOTING IN BRUSSELS. HER APPEARANCE WAS HAILED WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM BY THE CROWDS.

banners. Posters before voting day included one bearing a portrait of the much-beloved late Queen Astrid, which for obvious reasons was never defaced, a fate which other notices and bills suffered. Much enthusiasm greeted the appearance of Princess Josephine Charlotte, the King's only daughter, when she came to cast her vote. Flanders was, on the whole, by good majorities in favour of the King's return. The Walloon provinces of Liège and the Hainault were only 41.5 to 31.5 in his favour; but Belgian Luxembourg was over 65 per cent. for him, and Namur, also Walloon, returned 53 per cent.

THE BANISHMENT OF SERETSE KHAMA: VIEWS OF HIS AFRICAN HOMELAND.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL OF THE TRIBAL TERRITORY: A VIEW OF THE "BEEHIVE" HOUSES OF THE NATIVE POPULATION OF SEROWE.



SHOWING A FENCED-IN AREA CONSTITUTING A WARD IN WHICH FAMILIES, RELATED TO A COMMON ANCESTOR, LIVE: A STREET SCENE IN THE BAMANGWATO CAPITAL, SEROWE.



GROUPED IN WARDS EACH SURROUNDED BY A PALISADE OF TREE-TRUNKS: THE THATCHED "BEEHIVE" HOUSES OF THE BAMANGWATO AT SEROWE.



COMMEMORATING SERETSE KHAMA'S PREDECESSORS: THE KHAMA MEMORIAL AT SEROWE, WHICH FEATURES THE TRIBAL TOTEM—A DIUKER BUCK IN BRONZE.



WAITING FOR THE POSTMAN IN SEROWE: NATIVE WOMEN SEATED ON THE GROUND WHILE THE TRIBAL POSTMAN SORTS THE MAIL (IN BACKGROUND).



THE BAMANGWATO WATER SUPPLY: YOUNG NATIVE GIRLS CARRYING BUCKETS OF WATER FROM THE SUPPLY POINT TO THEIR HOMES IN THE TOWN.

Seretse Khama, the grandson of King Khama, who placed his people under the protection of Queen Victoria, and son of Sekgoma, who died in 1925, was sent to complete his education in England, while Tshekedi Khama, the son of King Khama by his fourth marriage, was appointed to act as Regent during his minority and

absence abroad. Seretse Khama was at Oxford University for two years and then went to London to study law. There he met Ruth Williams (a photograph of whom appears on page 431), and in spite of Regent Tshekedi's objections, they were married on September 29, 1948. Seretse Khama later returned to the Bamangwato territory, when two tribal meetings were held. At the first the majority of tribesmen were opposed to his marriage to a white woman, but, at a second meeting, decided that although he had not consulted the tribe before marrying, that omission should not deprive him of his position as Chief-Designate. Seretse Khama returned to England for a few months and at a third tribal meeting held in June last year the tribesmen decided

[Continued opposite.]



AN ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW WITH A STAFF OF FIVE SERVANTS: THE HOME TO WHICH SERETSE KHAMA TOOK HIS WIFE IN AUGUST LAST YEAR.



THE HOME FROM WHICH SERETSE KHAMA AND HIS WIFE ARE TO BE EXILED FOR A PERIOD OF AT LEAST FIVE YEARS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUNGALOW OUTSIDE SEROWE.



(ABOVE.) CHIEF-DESIGNATE OF THE BAMANGWATO TRIBE: SERETSE KHAMA, WHO HAS BEEN BANISHED FROM HIS HOMELAND FOR AT LEAST FIVE YEARS BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

(BELOW.) ALSO BANISHED FROM BAMANGWATO TERRITORY FOR FIVE YEARS: THE FORMER REGENT, TSHEKEDI KHAMA, WHO WAS OPPOSED TO HIS NEPHEW'S MARRIAGE TO AN ENGLISH-WOMAN AND WENT INTO VOLUNTARY EXILE.



A MODERN NOTE IN THE STREETS OF SEROWE: THE CAR WHICH SERETSE KHAMA PROVIDED FOR THE USE OF HIS ENGLISH WIFE.



PROVIDING A PROTECTION AGAINST LIONS: A NATIVE BUILDING A THORN-TREE FENCE AROUND SERETSE KHAMA'S BUNGALOW

Continued.
to accept him as chief and his wife. Tshekedi Khama then announced that he would go into voluntary exile. Mrs. Seretse Khama arrived in Serowe on August 21 last year. There she went to live in the bungalow which her husband had had built for her, with its staff of five servants, a radio and a car. Later that year a Judicial Inquiry was held into the designation of Seretse Khama as chief of the tribe, and the findings, which have not been made public, led to Seretse Khama being invited to London for discussions with the Secretary of State for Commonwealth
(Continued opposite.)



Continued.
Relations. The result of these discussions became known when Seretse Khama claimed that he had been "tricked" by the Government and that it was proposed to banish him and his wife for five years from the tribal territory. It was claimed that the recognition of Seretse Khama as chief "would cause danger to the well-being of the tribe and the administration of the Protectorate." In the House of Commons on March 8, Mr. Gordon-Walker, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, detailed the arrangements made by the Government, which were criticised by members of all parties.

CONFLICTING PERSONALITIES IN THE BAMANGWATO CONTROVERSY; AND VIEWS OF SERETSE KHAMA'S BUNGALOW.

Photographs (except centre portrait) reproduced by Courtesy of British Movietonews Ltd.

DESPITE the alleged "toughness" of the age, the English-speaking public is incurably romantic. As the success of a recent book bears witness, it is prepared to take an intense interest in some aspects of military affairs, provided that there is a sufficiently strong element of romance in them. The conception of Arctic warfare, so novel and so astonishing, contains this ingredient, and has been further embellished with sensational theories by some commentators. It has therefore attracted more attention than would otherwise have been accorded to it. The idea that two great nations might attack each other across the North Pole—which all the experts tell us is now in some degree feasible—catches the imagination. The formation of a United States base in Alaska; the constant experiment with food, clothing, transport and movement in an Arctic or sub-Arctic winter; the close co-operation between United States and Canadian air and land forces; the obviously deep concern of the General Staffs of the two countries with the various problems raised; all these provide further material for the daring speculator. Had it not been for our General Election campaign, it is probable that "Exercise Sweetbriar" would have attracted a great deal of attention over here. In the United States it was a topic of major interest, and in Canada even more so.

I propose to deal briefly with its conception, so far as I know it; then to outline its events; and finally to make such comments as occur to me. According to the scheme, an aggressor had invaded Alaska with success, deprived the garrison of the bases in the area Fairbanks-Anchorage, and on February 13 was hastening down the Alaska Highway intent upon "the conquest of Canada." This force was actually represented by its advanced guard, a force of 400 American troops from the garrison of Alaska. The defence was represented by a Canadian battalion group (Princess Patricia's Light Infantry—a parachute battalion) and an American battalion combat team, supported by aircraft of both nationalities. The Canadian training had started in north-east Alberta, in conditions little less rigorous than those of the exercise proper, and part of it was comprised in the drive from thence to Whitehorse, on the Alaska Highway in the Yukon. The main purposes of the exercise are said to have been: first, training for "combat" or fighting troops in the conditions of Arctic winter; secondly, staff training, especially in the supply and quartering of troops in such conditions; thirdly, the formation of tactical doctrine for this type of warfare; and, fourthly, further testing of often-tested equipment, transport and clothing. In all, some 5000 troops and airmen took part, and about 100 aircraft, half jet-propelled, were engaged. The staff was a joint American-Canadian organisation.

On February 13, the defence advanced rapidly from Whitehorse in a temperature of 25 deg. below zero, with the P.P.C.L.I. leading. I should mention here that this exercise appears to have been very rigidly controlled, which makes for lack of realism, but is often necessary if the desired experience is to be acquired. After all, nothing could be more unrealistic than, for instance, to allow the umpires to declare the forces of one side to have been annihilated and then to restart the exercise in order that the experience should not be lost. In this case it was desired that the defending force should cover some 200 miles by the second day of the exercise. In reality it might not have been able to do so, since blizzards sweeping down the valleys restricted air activity and the depth of the enemy's advance may not have been easy to ascertain—here I am but speculating. At all events, the head of the P.P.C.L.I. reached the Donjek and made contact with the aggressor, 90 miles from the Alaskan border. A battle in the tumbled country between the Donjek and the White Rivers was the chief feature in the scheme where the combatant troops were concerned, and it duly took place.

By this time, the temperature had dropped to 45 deg. below zero. It was found—and this I regard as highly significant in view of the small force and its elaborate equipment—that movement was virtually confined to a few hundred feet on either side of the road. Apparently after some manoeuvre, an assault was launched and proved successful. The original aggressor began a withdrawal, prepared to hit back if he were given an opportunity. Here again it may have been necessary to sacrifice realism to experience, since a determined aggressor, who had made such a deep advance, would probably not have been dislodged so quickly in country of this type or have retreated so quickly when he did decide that he must go. The allies pursued, the Americans now taking the lead. The frontier must have been crossed on February 20, or early

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"EXERCISE SWEETBRIAR."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

on the 21st. The final scene, witnessed by many distinguished personages, took place next day. The exercise ended with a parachute attack by one company of the P.P.C.L.I. combined with a land attack. Then all that remained was to bring the troops back to their stations, tidy up the material which must by this time have been strewn about the country, and—by far the longest task—study the lessons.

It is here that the outside observer finds himself in a difficulty. In these days one may be sure that no startling or not easily discoverable information obtained has been

sense to the air arm, in which there is likely to be much more elasticity, dependent on the installations, so that far larger forces might be engaged.

In the air, the *Vampires*, used in part by the Canadian troops and undergoing their first real test on a large scale in this climate, are said to have come out of it well. The Americans have for some time taken into use in Alaska a jet-fighter, the *F. 80*. It is reported that the Canadian transport proved satisfactory. The clothing kept the men warm, but most of it was found heavy, a difficult fault to remedy. At the time of writing, so far as I am aware, less detail has reached this country from the American than from the Canadian side. Mr. Claxton remarked at the end of the show that it had confirmed the Canadian concept of Arctic war, but, as I have pointed out, we can do no more than deduce what that concept was.

Reaching my strategic survey, I lay myself open to the possibility of gross error, because there may be vital factors of which I am unaware. However, the number of readers likely to be better informed is infinitesimal. My task is to make my comment as good as the next man's—better, if I can—with the news at my disposal and his. I will begin with the statement that no large and deep invasion of Canada by the Alaska Highway seems practicable, and that invasion of the United States along it is fantastic. Winter operations can be carried out only by picked and acclimatised troops. Let it be granted that Northern Siberia produces men who are to a great extent acclimatised from the start; they have appetites like other men, and they

require costly and extensive special equipment. More money and trouble has to be expended to maintain the individual man, to move him, to feed him, and to protect him from cold, which can itself be a deadly killing agent, than in most conceivable theatres of war. At the same time, it is difficult to think of a theatre in which it would be more difficult to apply such an effort, particularly for the invader. There, I suggest, lies the strongest argument against a major invasion from Alaska by land.

It does not follow that there is no danger. It may well be that the United States has put sufficient installations into Alaska to make it a tempting objective without maintaining adequate forces for its defence. A hostile foothold in Alaska which secured an American base, or more than one, even if it only denied its use to the United States forces, might have unfortunate results in other directions. Alaska appears to be highly important and

also to a certain extent vulnerable. Seaborne invasion of Alaska could not be put wholly out of the question if the air battle were to go decisively against the United States and Canada, still less airborne invasion, though this would be on a much smaller scale. If "over-the-Pole" air attack of a serious character proved practicable, Alaska would be of great value for defence against it. The most overwhelming justification of "Exercise Sweetbriar" is, however, the following: a whole series of questions relating to the Arctic and Arctic warfare have been put for the first time as the result of new weapons and equipment. In some cases it does not appear difficult to reach answers theoretically, but in others it is necessary to make a rigorous practical test, and in all it is desirable to do so. It looks as though the test has been applied intelligently as well as thoroughly, and we may hope that invaluable information has been gathered in.

In our issue of March 4 we published a diagram showing the political parties which have held office since 1852, together with their majorities. We inadvertently stated that a Liberal Government held office from 1866 to 1868, whereas, in fact, although there was a Liberal majority in the House, there was a Conservative administration, headed by Lord Derby and, from February, 1868, by Disraeli. This administration, with some Liberal support, passed the Reform Act of 1867. The Parliament of 1929-1931 met on June 25, and not January 25, as stated.



"WAR" IN THE ARCTIC: THE SCENE AT THE R.C.A.F. STATION AT WHITEHORSE AS AN F.82, NORTH AMERICAN TWIN *Mustang* LONG-RANGE ESCORT FIGHTER, OF THE ATTACKING FORCE STRAFES A GROUP OF DOUGLAS *Skytrains* C.47 MILITARY TRANSPORTS, AND C.54's, DOUGLAS *Skymasters*, ON THE RUNWAY. AN R.C.A.F. *Vampire* JET FIGHTER IS RAPIDLY CLOSING IN (RIGHT).



REPELLING AN ATTACK IN A COLD WAR: FRONT LINE TROOPS OF A CANADIAN BATTALION GROUP—PRINCESS PATRICIA'S LIGHT INFANTRY—IN ACTION ALONG THE BANKS OF THE DONJEK RIVER IN THE YUKON.

"Exercise Sweetbriar," the joint American and Canadian Army and Air Force "combat" training manoeuvres, which took place in February in sub-zero temperatures on the Yukon-Alaska border of Canada, is the subject of Captain Falls' article on this page. He says: "Had it not been for our General Election campaign, it is probable that 'Exercise Sweetbriar' would have attracted a great deal of attention over here. In the United States it was a topic of major interest, and in Canada even more so."



ARCTIC FASHIONS: THE LATEST STYLE OF WINTER CLOTHING WORN BY AMERICAN TROOPS IN "EXERCISE SWEETBRIAR," THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN ARMY AND AIR FORCE "COMBAT" TRAINING MANOEUVRES WHICH TOOK PLACE IN SUB-ZERO COLD.

broadcast. Mr. Brooke Claxton, the Canadian Minister of Defence, certainly dealt with the subject in a serious and dignified way, but at the same time he had to be cautious. I gave four purposes of the exercise. I will leave to the last such strategic hints as appear to flow from the tactical and administrative side, so far as it has been disclosed. From the point of view of combat training the results would appear to have been excellent. Troops can move rapidly and fight in the severe conditions involved. There was little serious frostbite, and the accident rate was low. On the staff side there is no mention of how far Americans and Canadians were welded together into a team, but the experience must have been invaluable. It is rather hinted that the food supply might have been better on occasion. Under "tactical doctrine" there are few disclosures, and here is certainly a field in which they might be objectionable. Can we make anything more of the report that movement off the road was very difficult in the Donjek River battle area?

To begin with, there is only one Alaska Highway. Unless the planners and administrators of the scheme are keeping something up their sleeves, all serious movement will have to be made by it, and all land fighting must take place immediately astride it. This would in itself rule out large-scale movement of fighting troops because the proportion of administrative services and transport must be unusually high. Only if one side won complete air ascendancy and pulverised the other's defences would it be possible to move considerable columns along the highway at great speed; even then there would be no question of moving what we call an "army"



THE WORLD'S WORST CIVIL AIR DISASTER: THE WRECKAGE OF THE *TUDOR V* AIR-LINER, IN WHICH EIGHTY OUT OF THE FULL COMPLEMENT OF EIGHTY-THREE PERISHED, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR, NEAR THE SMALL VILLAGE OF SIGINGSTONE, IN SOUTH WALES. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE LLANDOW AIRSTRIP, WHERE THE AIRCRAFT SHOULD HAVE LANDED.



THE HAPPY START OF A PLEASURE PARTY WHICH ENDED IN ALMOST COMPLETE DISASTER: THE WELSH RUGGER ENTHUSIASTS WHO WENT TO BELFAST TO SEE THE WALES V. IRELAND INTERNATIONAL IN A CHARTERED AIRCRAFT, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE BOARDING THE *TUDOR V*, IN WHICH EIGHTY OF THEM PERISHED TWO DAYS LATER, A FEW MILES FROM THEIR HOMES.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WORLD'S WORST CIVILIAN AIR DISASTER, AND THE PLEASURE PARTY WHICH ENDED IN THE DEATH OF EIGHTY.

On Friday, March 10, a large party of Welsh Rugby football enthusiasts, including seven women, left Llandow Airport, in South Wales, in a chartered *Tudor V* air-liner of Fairflight Ltd. to go and see the International match at Belfast in which Wales beat Ireland by 6 to 3 and won the Triple Crown. On Sunday, March 12, the same party, except for one who travelled in another aircraft, left Dublin Airport for the return journey. The aircraft, according to eye-witnesses, came in to the airport to land, climbed again, appeared to stall and crashed in a field near the

small village of Sigingstone, in sight of the runway. The aircraft broke in three pieces but did not burst into flame. Two men, brothers-in-law, stumbled almost unhurt out of the rear portion. Rescue parties found six others living, but five of these died almost immediately. The remaining seventy-five were killed outright. Among those to visit the scene of the disaster the same day was Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, director of Fairflight Ltd., who said that the aircraft had held the record for the best achievement of any flying in the Berlin air-lift.



DR. JOHANNES WILDE, PART AUTHOR WITH MR. A. E. POPHAM OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Wilde is the Deputy Director of the Courtauld Institute of Art, and was appointed Reader in the History of Art in the University of London in 1947. His field of research is the History of Art in Europe in the fourteenth to seventeenth centuries. He was born in Budapest and, until 1938, was Keeper of the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

more remarkable still, the range, quality and volume of them being astonishing. The almost overwhelmingly impressive group catalogued in this new Phaidon book are but a modest fraction of the whole. Sir Kenneth Clark produced a whole volume cataloguing the Leonardo drawings, which, consequently, are omitted by Messrs. Popham and Wilde, though he comes within their period. The Phaidon Press itself has already published volumes on the Dutch, Flemish and French drawings, and on the drawings of Canaletto, Domenichino, Holbein and Sandby, while there are in preparation volumes on English drawings and five further volumes on Italian drawings. Such are the riches of this unequalled collection that, after a time, one ceases to be surprised at any revelation of its contents, but is only surprised if one finds that some famous draughtsman is not represented. As I contemplate the list of volumes in preparation, I find myself wondering what of Tiepolo will be revealed and what of Rowlandson: should either of these turn out to be absent I shall (having been so spoilt thus far) almost feel injured!

As the editors remark: "The incidence of survival in drawings is much more incalculable than it is in paintings." Most drawings were made with paintings in view. Some painters relied more on drawings than others; some were proud of their drawings and carefully kept them, while others threw them away when they had served their purpose. Drawings by some painters are consequently scarce or non-existent, while drawings by others are plentiful. It is gratifying that in the period under review the greatest painters (and draughtsmen) are very strongly represented at Windsor. I cannot indicate the contents of this volume better than by quoting from the editors' own introduction: "Chronologically the series begins rather whimsically with the drawing of a camel by Pisanello, which must date from before 1450. There are a few admirable drawings of the highest quality by the Florentines of the fifteenth century,



"HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN": BY FEDERICO BAROCCI (1526-1612). Black, red and white chalk.

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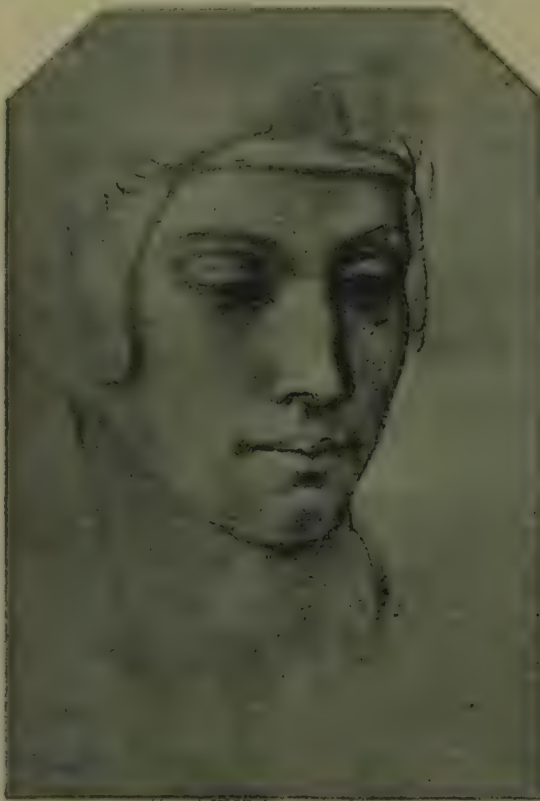
Fra Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gonzoli, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Lorenzo di Credi; by the Umbrian Pietro Perugino and by Luca Signorelli of Cortona; and by the Venetians, Giovanni Bellini, Alvise Vivarini, and Bartolommeo Montagna. The number of drawings of the fifteenth century at Windsor

A RECORD OF THE ARTISTIC TASTE OF OUR KINGS.

*Italian Drawings at Windsor Castle; By A. E. POPHAM and JOHANNES WILDE.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

(exclusive of the Leonardos) is, however, small. The emphasis is on the High Renaissance and the phases which developed out of this. It opens with a particularly beautiful series of drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, one of the protagonists of the new movement in Florence, even though his art, as seen especially in the drawings here, preserves much of the flavour of the quattrocento. But it is with the drawings of Michelangelo that the real quality of the collection begins to appear. These include some of his most famous



"HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN": BY MICHELANGELO (MICHELAGNILO DI LUDOVICO BUONARROTI-SIMONI) (1475-1564). Black chalk.

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Three Drawings reproduced from "Italian Drawings at Windsor Castle," by arrangement with the Publishers, the Phaidon Press.

drawings, those elaborately finished compositions which he drew for his friend Tommaso Cavalieri, the 'Archers,' the 'Bacchanal of Children' and the 'Phaethon,' as well as many other studies for the works of his maturity and old age. . . . "Though the drawings of Raphael at Windsor are about equal in number to those of Michelangelo, they are not indispensable to an appreciation of him as a draughtsman in the same way as the Cavalieri drawings are in the case of Michelangelo. There are superb individual studies which, taken in conjunction with other drawings in the great English and European collections, fit into their place in his development."

Altogether over 1200 drawings by upwards of 200 artists are catalogued in this volume, one-third of them being reproduced. Amongst those represented, in addition to those mentioned above, are those of Bassano, Tintoretto, Veronese, Correggio, Vasari and Bronzino; while of some artists there are vast numbers, e.g., 121 by Figino and 51 by Tempesta.

There is a list of artists grouped chronologically under schools, with figures as to their representation. Then follow 176 full-page plates, including all the great Michelangelos and Raphaels; some tremendous drawings by less famous men, and a remarkable group under "School of Mantegna." Then follows the catalogue in two sections, in each of which the artists' names are arranged alphabetically, the text being illustrated by reproductions of various sizes. The descriptions are so full and the criticisms and historical information so minute, that some of the notes on single drawings fill two pages of close small print. The strength of the editors' scholarship is not more notable than the caution and sense with which they discuss attributions, for there are very many drawings whose sources are doubtful. After the catalogue there is an "Index of Places," namely, of Churches, Palaces and Collections containing paintings for which drawings at Windsor are or may be studies, or from which they are copied—oddly enough, only six are in London and there are almost as many in Rome as in all other cities put together. Finally there is an "Index of Subjects."

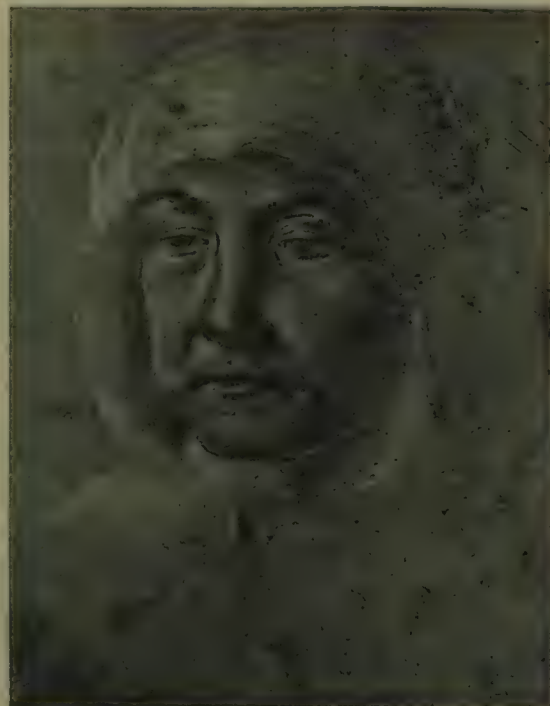
No work of the kind could have been more thoroughly done. But in thanking the editors we should spare a thought for the royal personages who over the course of centuries have assembled these

treasures. Charles I., that great collector and patron, may have been the earliest of them; Frederick Prince of Wales acquired Dr. Mead's collection, which may have included the Poussin drawings; George III. bought the collections of

Consul Smith, which included a volume of Poussin drawings. There have been royal collectors of paintings since then, notably George IV. and the Prince Consort, but "it is hardly necessary to mention the few drawings—they hardly amount to two dozen in all—which have been acquired for the Royal Library since the time of George III. The reader will easily be able to identify them in the index of collections." The strength of the Library in Leonardo, Holbein and Parmigianino, all of whom were favourites of that prince of collectors, the Earl of Arundel, suggests that his royal master shared his tastes and placed the drawings of these artists in the Library: this is a likely conjecture. Assiduous as our rulers have been in collection, they (or their librarians) have not been so busy about documentation. We do not know when or by whom many of these drawings were acquired or whence they came, and information about attribution which would have been helpful to us was frequently not passed on.

Our old kings were, perhaps, more interested in the beauty of the drawings themselves than they were in cataloguing them. But it is an ill-wind which blows nobody any good. Had the royal purchasers—and for all we know to the contrary even James II. and Queen Anne may have made their small contributions to this vast collection—been at pains to verify everything they could have verified and pass on whatever they could have passed on, there would have been far less scope for the exercise of the notable faculties of aesthetic and historical sleuths like Mr. Popham and Dr. Wilde.

And what a time these scholars have with each other. "I agree with Thode in believing all the drawings on this sheet to be by Michelangelo, but not in his dating of them in the period of the Sixtine Ceiling. Frey only allowed Michelangelo's authorship in the case of the two pen-and-ink sketches, whereas Berenson saw even in the latter the work of a pupil who was supposed to have been active about 1525-30." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" and



"HEAD OF AN OLD WOMAN": BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO (c. 1449-1494). Metal point on prepared orange surface, heightened with white.

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"doctors" in this field are especially prone to disagreement. There is so much that can neither be proved nor disproved, and so much that is a matter of taste. "About taste there is no disputing" is true in one sense; but in another how comically untrue. Thode "all Michelangelo"; Berenson: "none of them Michelangelo"!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 434 of this issue.

* "The Italian Drawings of the XV. and XVI. Centuries in the Collection of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle." By A. E. Popham and Johannes Wilde. 403 Reproductions. (Phaidon Press; £3 3s.)

THE STATE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. A SPECIAL SECTION FULLY ILLUSTRATING NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE GREAT OCCASION.



(ABOVE.) THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC PAYS HOMAGE TO BRITAIN'S WAR DEAD: M. VINCENT AURIOL PLACING A WREATH ON THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE ON MARCH 7.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF A LONDON CROWD: THE PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL WITH THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

IN our issue of March 11 we illustrated the arrival of the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol at Dover and Victoria Station on their State visit to this country. Here and on the following pages we give some of the notable incidents of their visit and the scene of departure on March 10, when their Majesties and the people of London said good-bye to their distinguished visitors who in the space of a few days have drawn closer the bonds which unite the two countries. On March 7 the President, accompanied by Mme. Auriol, placed a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, a tribute to Britain's war dead whose blood has stained the fields of France in two World Wars. That evening the people of London were able to express their great pleasure at the visit when the President and Mme. Auriol appeared with their Majesties on the balcony at Buckingham Palace after the State Banquet. On March 9 the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth were present at the luncheon given in honour of the President of the French Republic, by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Ernest Bevin, in the Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.



AFTER THE STATE BANQUET AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: AN EXCITED CROWD OF LONDONERS CHEERING PRESIDENT AURIOL.



AT GREENWICH, WHERE THEY LUNCHEONED IN THE PAINTED HALL OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL WITH THEIR MAJESTIES AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PASSING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF ROYAL MARINES.



AT GREENWICH: H.M. THE QUEEN IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE DRIVING THROUGH



THE RECEPTION IN THE LIBRARY AT GUILDHALL: M. AURIOL REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (SEATED RIGHT, WITH MME. AURIOL BESIDE HIM). T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE ARE AMONG THOSE SEATED BACK TO THE CAMERA.



GRACE BEFORE LUNCH AT GUILDHALL ON MARCH 8: MRS. ATTLEE, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, MME. MASSIGLI, MR. ATTLEE, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, M. AURIOL, THE LORD MAYOR, MME. AURIOL, THE LADY MAYORESS, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, M. SCHUMAN, AND LADY JOWITT (L. TO R. AT THE HIGH TABLE).

The visit which M. and Mme. Vincent Auriol paid to the City of London to be entertained by the Lord Mayor and Corporation on March 8 was an occasion of great and traditional civic splendour. The French President and his wife left Buckingham Palace just after midday in bright sunshine and drove through the City in a semi-State landau with a Sovereign's Escort of

the Household Cavalry. Crowds lined the streets throughout the length of the route and our honoured guests were received with expressions of the greatest enthusiasm. The reception and the lunch at Guildhall were attended by a large number of distinguished people representing various aspects of public life. Guests were received in the Library by the Lord Mayor

THE CITY; AND AT GUILDHALL: LONDON'S CIVIC WELCOME.



DRIVING TO GUILDHALL WITH A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL. AN ADVERTISEMENT OF "THE GRAND ALLIANCE," PART THREE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS, STRUCK AN APPROPRIATE NOTE IN CHEAPSIDE.

(Sir Frederick Rowland) and the Lady Mayoress. The ceremonial of the presentation of an address in a casket of English oak salvaged from the roof of Guildhall after the 1940 bombing was carried out with all the historic civic pomp and ceremony, and M. Auriol acknowledged the honour in a particularly happy speech in which he referred to the City of London as having

been "our beacon of hope during the recent tragic war when Europe was in bondage." This ceremony was followed by the luncheon at which the Lord Mayor and City Corporation entertained the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol. M. Auriol conferred on the Lord Mayor the Order of the Legion of Honour and also decorated other civic officials.

THE BANQUET AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: ROYAL AND NOTABLE GUESTS OF THE



ARRIVING AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY FOR THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL: THE PRINCESS ROYAL (LEFT) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



PRESENT AT THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVING AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY.



THE MOST AND HOSTESS OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. VINCENT AURIOL.



THE SETTING FOR THE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC WITH THE SEVRES DINNER SERVICE, SILVERWARE.



THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, AND MRS. ATTLEE ARRIVING AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY ON MARCH 8.

ON the afternoon of his arrival in this country the President of the French Republic attended a reception at the French Embassy where, on March 8, he and Mme. Auriol entertained the King and Queen at dinner. Other members of the Royal family present included Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. Princess Margaret was unable to be present as she was confined to her room with influenza. There were seventy guests, among whom were the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, the Speaker, M. Schuman and Mr. Winston Churchill, to whose "dauntless voice hurling at the enemy the

(Continued opposite)



A FRIEND OF FRANCE WHOSE FAITH DID NOT DESERT HIM IN HER DARKEST HOUR: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO WAS A GUEST OF THE PRESIDENT, WITH MRS. CHURCHILL.

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



AN OCCASION WHEN THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE ENTERTAINED THEIR MAJESTIES AT DINNER: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AMONG THE GUESTS.



LEAVING THE RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY ON MARCH 7: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, M. VINCENT AURIOL, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. MASSIGLI, ON HIS DEPARTURE.



REPUBLIC AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: A VIEW OF THE BANQUETING ROOM AND FLOWERS BROUGHT SPECIALLY FROM FRANCE.



ROYAL GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WEARING THE GRAND CORDON OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, ON ARRIVAL AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: MR. ERNEST BEVIN AND MRS. BEVIN ON ARRIVAL FOR A NOTABLE OCCASION.



THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF ARRIVING FOR THE DINNER AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: FIELD MARCHAL SIR WILLIAM AND LADY SLIM.

(Continued.) almost 'colhardy defiance of a united Britain' the President of the French Republic had 'paid tribute at the State Banquet on the previous evening. The King and Queen were served at the dinner by members of the President's personal staff, who wore the livery of the Elysée Palace, and the Sevres dinner service, silverware and flowers had been brought specially from France for the occasion. No speeches were made and a reception was held later to which 350 guests were invited. The King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth wore the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.



ADDRESSING THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN SESSION, SPEAKING IN FRENCH: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT THE COUNTY HALL, WESTMINSTER, ON MARCH 8.

M. VINCENT AURIOL IN BERMONDSEY, SOHO AND PICCADILLY, AND AT THE COUNTY HALL.



EXAMINING THE MODELS FOR THE BUILDINGS FOR THE 1951 FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: M. VINCENT AURIOL STANDING BETWEEN FIELD MARSHAL LORD WAVELL, LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF LONDON (LEFT), AND MR. HERBERT MORRISON (RIGHT).



AT THE RECEPTION IN HIS HONOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, WHERE THE "LANDSCAPE IN FRENCH ART" EXHIBITION WAS STILL IN PROGRESS: M. AURIOL, WITH MME. AURIOL AND SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A. (RIGHT).



GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY FOR THE RECEPTION ON MARCH 8.



SOUTH-EAST LONDON GREETES THE FRENCH VISITORS: M. AURIOL (LEFT-CENTRE) ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS IN THE GRANGE, BERMONDSEY.

During their visit to England, the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol not only saw the regal splendour of Buckingham Palace, the brilliance of a gala performance at Covent Garden and the historic pageantry with which this country greets its honoured guests, but were also introduced to simpler, more workaday aspects



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL IN THE FRENCH HOSPITAL, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, ON MARCH 9: THEY TOURED THE WARDS AND SPOKE TO EVERY PATIENT.

of London. On March 8, after attending the lunch at Guildhall, M. Auriol visited the County Hall, Westminster, and addressed the L.C.C. in session. He subsequently inspected the display of models and plans for the 1951 Festival of Britain Exhibition and, with Mr. Herbert Morrison, drove slowly past the South Bank site. Later on the same day the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol attended a reception given by the Franco-British Society in their honour at the Royal Academy and inspected the exhibition of "Landscape in French Art." On March 9, after their lunch at Greenwich, M. and Mme. Auriol visited Bermondsey and saw a colony of pre-fabricated houses on a blitzed site, visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bodger. Earlier on that day they had inspected the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue.



M. AURIOL THANKS THE LORDS AND COMMONS FOR THEIR WELCOME. SEATED BESIDE THE PRESIDENT IS MME. AURIOL, WITH THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON HER LEFT. ON M. AURIOL'S RIGHT IS (SEATED) THE LORD CHANCELLOR. ON THE LEFT ARE THE LORDS; ON THE RIGHT AND IN THE FOREGROUND, THE COMMONS.



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS WHO ATTENDED AT THE PARLIAMENTARY WELCOME TO M. AURIOL IN THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. AMONG THOSE PRESENT CAN BE SEEN LORD PAKENHAM, LORD ALEXANDER, LORD SAMUEL, LORD WOOLTON, LORD SIMON, LORD CRANBORNE AND LORD CECIL.

A PARLIAMENTARY WELCOME FOR THE PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL: THE GATHERING OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

On the morning of March 9, after their arrival in Old Palace Yard had been greeted by a fanfare of trumpets, M. Auriol and Mme. Auriol were conducted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, Black Rod and the Serjeant-at-Arms to the Royal Gallery of the Palace of Westminster, where Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons were gathered to welcome them. They were received by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Jowitt) and the Speaker (Colonel Clifton Brown); and after the

playing of the "Marseillaise" took their places on a flower-embanked dais. First the Lord Chancellor welcomed them on behalf of the Lords; then the Speaker spoke on behalf of the Commons. M. Auriol answered and his speech was greeted with prolonged applause. The "Marseillaise" was played again, followed by "God Save the King"; and a fanfare of trumpets closed the ceremony. A great crowd had gathered in Parliament Square to see the President and Mme. Auriol leave.



"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR...": THE BRILLIANT SPECTACLE OF THE STATE BANQUET WHEN THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERTAINED THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AND MADAME AURIOL.

The first day (March 7) of the State visit of M. Vincent Auriol, President of the Republic of France, and Mme. Auriol was crowned by the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace. The scene, which our drawing shows from the viewpoint of the Musicians' Gallery, from which the band of the Welsh Guards

discoursed music, was one of the greatest brilliancy and splendour, with the three dominant tones of white, gold and crimson. The decorations of the Ballroom are white and gold, with a carpet of crimson and a crimson canopy over the two thrones. In front of this canopy sat the King and Queen with

their honoured guests; and the horseshoe table at which the remainder of the 169 guests sat was laden with flowers, candelabra and the full dinner-service of silver-gilt. Round the walls stood a detachment of the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard in their gold and red uniforms; and

ranged below the two great dark-toned Gobelin tapestries stood rich trophies of gold plate. The scene was lit by six great rose-crystal chandeliers and more than one hundred tall candles in silver-gilt candelabra. The close of the Banquet was marked by speeches from the King and M. Auriol.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU, WHILE WITNESSING THE SCENE FROM THE MUSICIANS' GALLERY.

N.B.—Presented with this issue:—Supplement in Full Colours: President and Madame Auriol.



THE SPLENDID OCCASION WHICH CLOSED THE THREE-DAY STATE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL. THE SCENE AT COVENT GARDEN AS THE BRILLIANT ASSEMBLY TURNED



TO SEE THE ROYAL PARTY AND THEIR GUESTS TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE ROYAL BOX IN THE GRAND TIER, FOR THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET.



LEAVING COVENT GARDEN AFTER THE GALA PERFORMANCE IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN A CRINOLINE DRESS OF IVORY SATIN EMBROIDERED WITH ROSES AND ROSE LEAVES.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE ROYAL BOX AT COVENT GARDEN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, M. AURIOL, THE QUEEN (TURNING TO SPEAK TO THE DUCHESS OF KENT),



IN THE FRONT ROW CAN BE SEEN (LEFT TO RIGHT) TO SPEAK TO M. SCHUMAN, THE KING, MME. AURIOL AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.



THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE FOR THE COVENT GARDEN GALA AND ARE GREETED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, THE EARL OF CLARENDON, THE KING, MME. AURIOL AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

THE FINAL AND MOST BRILLIANT OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH

The three-day State visit of the President of the French Republic and Mme. Aurioi to this country closed on a high note of splendour and gaiety with a gala performance of ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. After a private dinner at Buckingham Palace, M. and Mme. Aurioi drove with the King and Queen to Covent Garden; and with them in the Royal

box were Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. The Royal box had been placed in the middle of the Grand Tier and was decorated with roses and emblems on a blue-and-silver ground—a décor contrived by Mr. Oliver Messel. The scene was of great brilliance and splendour, with rich dresses, sparkling tiaras and

REPUBLIC AND MADAME AURIOL: SPLENDID SCENES AT THE COVENT GARDEN GALA PERFORMANCE.

glowing orders contributing to the beauty of the auditorium. A fanfare came from ten trumpeters of the Household Cavalry in their State uniforms on the stage, the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" were played; and the brilliant programme began. This consisted of "Symphonic Variations," "Façade," and the last act of "The Sleeping Beauty (Aurora's Wedding)." The

principal dancers were Miss Margot Fonteyn, Miss Moira Shearer, Miss Pamela May, Mr. Robert Helpmann, and Mr. Frederik Ashton. Between the first two ballets Mr. Constant Lambert conducted his own "Aubade Héroïque." During the interval the President decorated with the Legion of Honour Miss Ninette de Valois, to whom ballet in this country owes so much.

OUR SMILING GUESTS FROM FRANCE: HAPPY INCIDENTS OF THEIR VISIT.



THE FIRST LADY OF FRANCE WHOSE CHARM CAPTIVATED LONDON DURING THE RECENT STATE VISIT: MME. AURIOL, SEEN IN THREE CHARACTERISTICALLY GRACEFUL POSES.



THE VISIT TO THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH: A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH OF H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND MME. AURIOL WITH VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HAROLD KINAHAN.



SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF HUNDREDS OF LONDONERS: PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL DRIVING IN STATE TO GUILDHALL WHERE THEY RECEIVED A GREAT WELCOME FROM THE CITY.



ACKNOWLEDGING HIS RECEPTION FROM THE PUPILS AT THE LYCÉE FRANÇAIS: PRESIDENT AURIOL, WHO TOLD THE CHILDREN THEY WERE TO HAVE A DAY'S HOLIDAY.



A KISS FOR A LITTLE ENGLISH PUPIL AT THE LYCÉE FRANÇAIS: MME. AURIOL, WHO ATTENDED A RECEPTION AT THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS WITH THE PRESIDENT.



A SMILING FAREWELL TO THE OWNERS OF A PREFABRICATED HOUSE IN BERMONDSEY: MME. AURIOL AFTER THE VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. BODGER.

London bade a regretful *au revoir* to the French President and Mme. Auriol when their State visit came to its close on Friday, March 10. London, and Britain, were sorry to see them go, because everybody had enjoyed to the utmost this gay and happy State occasion; and Londoners were unanimous in their praise and appreciation of the charm and courtesy shown by their guests from over the Channel. For three days London was *en fête* and the anxieties and forebodings which oppress the world in

this spring of 1950 were gladly forgotten in the excitement of following the programme which was carried out with such apparent enjoyment by the representatives of the French nation. There can be no doubt in anybody's mind to-day that this State visit renewed and confirmed the bonds of friendship that link our two great countries. The King spoke for Britain when he said: "I look to the future and to the further development of the new relationship which has grown up between us."



M. VINCENT AURIOL, THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, AND MADAME AURIOL.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH "FRANCE-ILLUSTRATION."

THE SMILING "GOOD-BYES" WHICH ENDED A TRIUMPHANT THREE-DAY VISIT.



THE SCENE AT VICTORIA AS THE KING AND QUEEN SAID THEIR FAREWELLS TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AND MME. AURIOL.

The triumphant three-day State visit of the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol ended on the morning of March 10, when the Royal guests drove from Buckingham Palace through streets thronged with cheering crowds to Victoria Station. The King and Queen drove with them, and Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin were also present at the station to bid them farewell. These farewells were said on Platform 2

where a crimson carpet was spread, and there were banks of lilies, tulips and daffodils against a crimson backing. After brief conversations, the President and Mme. Auriol entered the train and waved their farewells as the train drew out. At Dover they boarded the *Arromanches* and sailed for France to a Royal salute of 21 guns from Dover Castle and a salute from H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WHERE exactly in the garden should one grow the long-spurred hybrid Columbines; and what rôle can they play in the general garden scheme?

They look best when massed in colonies of a dozen or more at a time, so that their many and varied colours, delicate and rather pastel in tone, may contrast and show each other off. The herbaceous or the mixed border may seem to be the obvious place for them. But only if the border is intended to look like something really belonging to this earth. For the groomed and mannered professional-beauty border, whose aim it is to look like something from a public park in heaven, a blaze of smashing colour, morning, noon and night from May till October, these long-spurred hybrids are too modest and delicate in tone, and their flowering season too brief. In such borders there is no room for shameful green blanks for more than a week or ten days at a time. Perhaps the best solution is to grow them, lots of them, in a bed by themselves. By lots, I mean so many that liberal cutting for the house is no crime, and no disfigurement to the main mass. Seeds raised in spring may be planted out to flower in their permanent quarters the following year—and for almost ever after. Most of the leading seed firms have their own special strains of long-spurred Columbines, and each strain is claimed to be—and of course is—the best.

Some years ago a very striking variety of long-spurred Columbine called "Crimson Star" came on the market. Its flowers are amber and coppery-red, and the plant comes remarkably true from seed. *Aquilegia* "Munstead White" is a tall, upstanding variety, which also comes true from seed. Its rather short-spurred flowers are a good solid white, and the whole plant has an honest, homely look which makes it welcome in any honest, friendly garden. It would make a good companion for the equally sturdy "Hensol Harebell," and if the two became crossed, some interesting and beautiful intermediate seedlings might be expected. *Aquilegia canadensis*, wiry, slender, branched and graceful, has dainty, dancing ballet-girl flowers in red and gold. It is what one might call an odd-corner plant. Too well-bred and refined to be effective in colour competition in the set-piece herbaceous border, it is at its best in comparative isolation in some outlying part of the rock garden, shall we say, when it can show off its grace and poise and beauty of leaf—like Dürer's blue Columbine. What species or variety, by the by, is the Columbine in Dürer's lovely drawing? The flowers are too small for *A. alpina*. I rather think it is the *Aquilegia vulgaris* which I used to find on a limestone fell in Yorkshire as a school-boy. Not that it matters. Botanical speculations over such a masterpiece of drawing are as profitless an impertinence as the bust and biceps measurements of the Venus de Milo.

Whilst in America I saw the very rare dwarf *Aquilegia jonesii*, only an inch or two high, and with blue flowers which were strangely large for so small a plant. *Aquilegia scopulorum* is another dwarf—from Japan. There is sometimes a curious fascination about very small plants. I am uncertain whether or not I like these two tiny Columbines. Perhaps if I had succeeded in growing them I should like them greatly. So far I have failed. There are, however, two comparative

COLUMBINES—II.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

dwarfs, *Aquilegia bertolonii* and *A. discolor*, which I like immensely. Both grow to about the same height—4 or 5 ins. *A. bertolonii* is blue in the best *Aquilegia* manner, and *discolor* is blue with a white centre. I have found them quite easy to grow and to raise from seed, and they are charming on the rock garden and in the sink rock garden.

Aquilegia flabellata, from Japan, grows about 9 inches to 1 foot high, with glaucous-grey leaves,

and white, short-spurred flowers. It comes true from seed, is easy to grow, and has always been popular with rock gardeners. Personally I have no love for it. Rather squat and dumpy, it lacks grace, and its flowers are of form and texture that I dislike. But that is purely a personal prejudice.

I will finish on a top note with *Aquilegia glandulosa*.

Having said in my last article that *Aquilegia alpina* was the most beautiful of all the species, I will now qualify by saying that *A. glandulosa* is not a rival, but an equal, and it has the advantage of being perhaps easier to grow.

Having failed, except on one occasion, to grow and flower *alpina*, I have, in the past, grown *glandulosa* with success and with ease. There may be some who remember the exhibits which I made of it some thirty and thirty-five years ago at Chelsea Shows of that period. Well-flowered clumps, dozens of them, planted among grey-blue water-worn limestone rocks. The plant grows about 12 or 18 ins. high, with enormously big blossoms of sapphire-blue, with snow-white centres. The late Reginald Farrer grew the plant well and without trouble in his Yorkshire nursery; and at Stevenage, in a very different climate and soil, I grew it in great quantity, and I think even better than Farrer. My method was very simple. I sowed home-saved seed directly it was ripe in a prepared bed in the open air. The soil was a rather stiff yellow loam, and the only preparation for sowing was digging and then breaking down to a nice tilth. The seed soon germinated, and made very small seedlings that same summer. Then, directly the youngsters began to show leaf next spring, they were dug up and planted out about a foot apart in open-ground beds. No fussments and no special manure. They were treated with as little ceremony as one would give to young cabbages. There they remained until the following May, by which time they had made stout clumps, which with the utmost regularity would produce four or five flower stems carrying a crowd of those exquisite and sumptuous blossoms. Nothing could have been easier, simpler, or more successful. And yet I doubt if 10 per cent. of the plants that were distributed from my nursery ever made good and flowered in their new homes. At least, that was the impression that the letters which followed my best efforts gave me. It may be that few who succeeded with my *glandulosas* wrote to tell me of their success, and only reports of failure reached me, so that I got an exaggerated impression of the actual failures. However that may be, I give the method which I employed for what it is worth. The chief difficulty is to procure reliable seed of the true plant. Often have I bought *Aquilegia* seed guaranteed to be true *glandulosa*, only to raise a batch of mongrels. But I found a way eventually of recognising *glandulosa* seed among all other *Aquilegia* seeds. All other species and varieties that I have ever handled are smooth and glossy as a flea, whilst seeds of *glandulosa* are dull, with a matt surface.

And how do I know so much about the glossy epidermis of a flea? I made a special study of the race in country hotels when plant collecting in Chile. At one mountain inn they were so vigorous and numerous that they could—had they been unanimous—have pushed me out of bed!



"WHAT SPECIES OR VARIETY . . . IS THE COLUMBINE IN DÜRER'S LOVELY DRAWING? . . . NOT THAT IT MATTERS. BOTANICAL SPECULATIONS OVER SUCH A MASTERPIECE OF DRAWING ARE AS PROFITLESS AN IMPERTINENCE AS THE BUST AND BICEPS MEASUREMENTS OF THE VENUS DE MILO."

Nevertheless, says Mr. Elliott, precise information is of interest and, regarding the lovely Dürer drawing, which is now in the Albertina, Vienna, and which we reproduce above, it is almost certain that the flower from which he drew was indeed *Aquilegia vulgaris*. Apart from any other considerations, the drawing was made in the first part of 1520 (? 1526), when Dürer was living in Nuremberg, and at this date *A. vulgaris* was the only Columbine grown in Central European gardens.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Kunstverlag Anton Schroll and Co., Vienna, Publishers of Albertina facsimiles.



A MATURE CLUMP OF *Aquilegia glandulosa*, WHOSE BEAUTY, SAYS MR. ELLIOTT, EQUALS, IF IT DOES NOT EXCEED, THAT OF *A. alpina*. THE LARGE SAPPHIRE-BLUE AND SNOW-WHITE BLOSSOMS ARE CARRIED ON STEMS OF ABOUT 12 TO 18 INS. "WITH UTMOST REGULARITY."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

AT THE 27TH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: GARDENS BOTH FORMAL AND INFORMAL.



(Above.)

DESIGNED AFTER THE GEORGIAN MANNER: A GARDEN AT OLYMPIA WITH A PAVILION, ITALIAN RENAISSANCE CARVED COLUMNS, GARDEN SEAT AND FOUNTAIN.



A FEATURE OF THE GEORGIAN GARDEN: THE NELSON MEMORIAL URN WHICH BEARS A PLAQUE STATING THAT IT WAS ERRECTED BY NELSON'S FRIEND AND PRIZE-AGENT, ALEXANDER DAVISON.



BUILT FROM RECONSTRUCTED NATURAL STONE AND THE FINEST WROUGHT IRONWORK: A ROSE TEMPLE AND FOUNTAIN.

THE 27th Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 7, and will remain open until April 1. More than 500 exhibitors fill the 12 acres of floor space in Olympia with every possible modern device and labour-saving gadget that help to make an Ideal Home. The dominant feature of this year's exhibition is a 75-ft. giant archway of silvery metal which dominates the Grand Hall and welcomes the Mid-Century Year. There are thirty-two masts and banners also made of light alloy. Altogether nearly nine miles of metal tubing and 25,000 rivets have been used in the construction of this shining centre-piece. This year the Gardens of Music

[Continued below.]



DESIGNED WITH THE IDEA OF DEMONSTRATING THE VALUE OF HARDY CARNATIONS AND VARIOUS FORMS OF PINKS AS BEDDING PLANTS: A GARDEN AT OLYMPIA.



A REPLICA OF A SCENE IN KENROKU PARK, KANAZAWA: A JAPANESE GARDEN FEATURING A JAPANESE TEA HOUSE AND BRIDGE. FUJIYAMA CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

[Continued.]

have a forecourt and entrance made in the form of an Elizabethan cloister. There are seventeen gardens in all, which include a Georgian garden, a Japanese garden, a topiary garden, a rock garden, a water garden and others both formal and informal. Artificial moonlight is an innovation this year, and at intervals each evening the daylight is faded out and a moonlight effect takes its place. In the Georgian garden is a Nelson Urn of Italian workmanship which bears a plaque



AN IDEAL SETTING FOR SPRING-FLOWERING ALPINES AND MINIATURE BULBS: A ROCK AND WATER GARDEN OF WEATHERED WESTMORLAND LIMESTONE.

inscribed: "Horatio Viscount Nelson, K.B., Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, fell in the discharge of his duties off Trafalgar in the moment of victory, the 21st of October, 1805. Alexander Davison consecrates this urn as a tribute of respect to the immortal memory of his friend." This urn comes from the collection of the late Sir Bernard Eckstein. Alexander Davison (1750-1829) was Nelson's prize-agent and confidential friend.

AN IDEAL HOME OF YOUR OWN: NEW HOUSES ON VIEW AT THE OLYMPIA EXHIBITION.



A HOME OF YOUR OWN: ONE OF THE THREE-BEDROOMED HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF IDEAL HOMES WHICH COSTS JUST UNDER £2000.



PROVIDING MANY ALTERNATIVES TO SUIT LARGE OR SMALL FAMILIES: A "COTTAGE-BUNGALOW" HOUSE WHICH COSTS APPROXIMATELY £2166.

"THE Village of Ideal Homes," now a traditional feature of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, is proving once again to be one of the most popular features. This year houses for the ordinary owner-occupier form the greater part of the "village," and their cost varies from about £1200 for a semi-detached house which is intended to be built in quantity on estates, to £2166 for a frost-proof cottage-bungalow with four bedrooms. One house comes from New Zealand and is a single-storey home of New Zealand timber, exactly like thousands which are being built in the Dominion by private firms for the Government, which lets them. This particular type would be rented at about 30s. a week. All the houses in the "village" have experts in attendance to give advice to visitors and intending purchasers. All the houses have been erected by private builders.



AN EMPIRE HOME FROM 12,000 MILES AWAY: A NEW ZEALAND STATE HOUSE—BUILT BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE TO GOVERNMENT PLANS FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO OWN AND LET. ITS RENT WOULD BE ABOUT 30S. A WEEK.



INCORPORATING A GAILY-DECORATED NURSERY: A COUNTRY-TYPE HOME WITH THREE BEDROOMS AND A LABOUR-SAVING KITCHEN. IT COSTS ABOUT £2000.



A SEMI-DETACHED HOME, BUILT OF MANUFACTURED STONE, WITH LARGE WINDOWS: A THREE-BEDROOMED HOUSE COSTING UNDER £1200.

A CAVALCADE OF BRITISH PROGRESS: THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



THE SEASIDE COMES TO LONDON: THE WARMTH AND COLOUR OF A TYPICAL SOUTH COAST BEACH SCENE IN THE HOLIDAY AND TRAVEL SECTION AT OLYMPIA.



COLLECTING FOR HIS SICK "FRIENDS": A SHETLAND PONY AT THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS STAND. THE P.D.S.A. IS SUPPORTED ENTIRELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.



THE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BANQUETING TABLE IN THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT: A SWAN AND CANDLES MADE FROM WOVEN HORSE-HAIR.



ADMIRING THE FAMOUS DANISH PRODUCTS IN THE FOOD AND COOKERY SECTION: PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK DURING HIS VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION.



THE PERFECTION OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT: A COMBINED TELEVISION RECEIVER AND AUTO-RADIOGRAM COSTING £231 PLUS £105 2S. 2D. PURCHASE TAX.

Thousands of the visitors who flock to the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia go with the hope of finding labour-saving ideas and devices for their own homes. This year they will find many new things to please and help them. There is a vegetable-cleaner which prepares 2½ lb. of potatoes in a minute-and-a-half; an "Electric Chef" which kneads dough, beats, blends, whisks, minces and extracts juice; an adjustable safety guard to fit doorways, staircases, etc.; a liquid rust remover; an electric cooker which provides steam for cooking, hot water and constant boiling water for tea-making; a lawn mower that a child can push; a metal



EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: A FLEX-CARRIER THAT ABOLISHES THAT TIRE SOME BUGBEAR OF IRONING—THE DRAGGING FLEX.

sponge that will not rust, scratch or splinter; and stainless-steel kitchen units with Venetian sliding doors that fasten with permanent magnetic door-catches. Whole sections of the Exhibition are devoted to Books for the Home; Fashions and Beauty; Food and Cookery; Holiday and Travel; Furnishing, Decoration and Radio; Heating, Lighting and Refrigeration; Leisure and Recreation. As in previous years, there is a specially-equipped "Playland," where parents may leave their young children in the care of nearly 100 trained people while, unencumbered, they can wander round the Exhibition at their leisure.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOMETHING IN FAVOUR OF ZOOS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

PÈRE ARMAND DAVID (1826-1900) was a Frenchman and a missionary. He was also a great naturalist, and during a prolonged stay in China he travelled extensively, often to inaccessible places, studying the flora and fauna. His contributions to biological knowledge were extensive, but he is best remembered for two of his discoveries, a deer that bears his name and the Giant panda. Of these, the story of the finding of Père David's deer is surely one of the most romantic in the annals of natural history.

While in Pekin, Père David heard rumours of a herd of strange deer in the Emperor's hunting-park, named Ssu-pu-hsiang ("the four unlikes"), for they were credited with having the antlers of a stag, the neck of a camel, hoofs of a cow and the tail of a donkey. But the park was surrounded by a high wall—and Europeans were not admitted. Awaiting his opportunity, Père David climbed the wall and was the first European to set eyes on the hundred-strong herd of an animal unknown to science. Time has shown that this deer existed nowhere in the wild and that the herd represented the last of its race. Twenty-nine years later, the nearby River Han-ho flooded its banks, the wall of the park was breached, and some of the herd escaped, to be slaughtered by a famished peasantry. And in 1900, the year of Père David's death, the rest of the herd was butchered by soldiers camped in the park.

Fortunately, the missionary-naturalist not only made notes of the deer while on the top of the wall, but on his return to Pekin he sought, through diplomatic channels, to obtain possession of one of them. As this was unsuccessful, he made friends with the Tartar guards and finally bribed them to let him have a specimen, which was sent to the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle at Paris. Later, however, some live specimens were sent to Europe. At the end of the Second World War, the sole survivors included the Duke of Bedford's herd at Woburn Park and a few at the Whipsnade Zoo. Then breeding stock from this nucleus was distributed to zoos in America to obviate the risk of future events wiping out the species entirely.

Père David's Deer (*Elaphurus davidianus*), which probably lived in the swampy plains of China until cultivation of the land wiped it out, has many peculiarities and is quite the strangest of the Asiatic deer. Its appearance is of a donkey with long antlers, the posterior tines of which are longer than the main tines. These antlers are said to be shed twice a year. The tail is longer than that of any other deer and is tufted like that of a donkey. The coat is a reddish-tawny, boldly spotted in the young, and the adult stands 45 ins. at the shoulder.

There is something to be said for and against the maintenance of zoos, though on balance the credit side is predominant. If we include, however, under this heading such parks as Woburn, the various nature reserves and National parks, the credit balance becomes a formidable one. Indeed, in the case of many well-known species the only hope of survival will be in zoos in the larger sense. It is predicted, for example, that in fifty years' time the only African big game left will be in National parks, as the North American bison, once roaming the prairies in its millions, now survives in restricted numbers in such sanctuaries. Even so, zoos in the restricted sense have been responsible for the preservation of last survivors, as with Père David's deer in Britain, and with the Passenger pigeon, whose countless millions were wiped out in less than a century, up to 1907, when the last wild bird was caught. The very last Passenger pigeon survived in the Cincinnati Zoo until 1914.

The European Bison, or Wisent, is no longer known in the wild state. Up to the Middle Ages it was

known over most of Europe, sharing the forests with the Aurochs. Apparently, unlike the American bison, it was never an inhabitant of the open plains. As the human population increased and more and more forest was brought under cultivation, the Wisent vanished from all but a few strongholds, its meat, hide, horns and hoofs all being in demand. By the twentieth century it had survived in two areas only, the Bielowetza Forest reserve of Lithuania (now part of Poland) and in the Caucasus. Continuous

River; and to the north, in the Orange Free State, the same process continued until, by 1878, not one was left alive. Several had been imported into Europe for zoos, and of the total of seventeen complete specimens in the museums of Europe, which are the sole relics of an entire species, most are specimens from zoos. The mounted specimen in the British Museum (Natural History) lived for six years in the London Zoo, dying in 1864. Another lived for twenty-one years in the same Zoo, until 1872, and was the only Quagga known to have been photographed alive.

Less fortunate even than that of the Quagga is the story of Schomburghk's Deer (*Rucervus schomburghki*), of Siam. This had (for it is believed to have become extinct in the last few years) extraordinarily branched antlers, with the first, or brow, tine growing forward over the face. This animal has never been seen in the wild by Europeans. One complete and mounted specimen is known, but the characteristic complex antlers, some with skulls still attached, bought in the Siamese markets and villages are better known. This deer was a swamp-dweller, and the increasing cultivation of the land has played a large part in its destruction, for it could not, apparently, adapt itself to life in the forested areas left to it. In addition, and this may have been a more direct cause of its destruction, there has been an incessant demand, for the Chinese market, for deer antlers in the velvet, for their alleged medicinal value. If living specimens of this deer should be found, however, their only sanctuary will be in a zoo.

There are doubtless other instances of survival in zoos after extermination in the wild. There are certainly others yet to come. The Rhinoceroses, for example, familiar enough so far as animals still in the wild, are becoming dangerously reduced. Of the five species still in existence, four are in danger of extinction or are so reduced in numbers that only strict protection gives them a chance to survive, while the fifth, though still plentiful in certain parts of its former range, will no doubt follow. The Great Indian Rhinoceros was formerly widespread, but now only a few survive in the deep jungles of Nepal, Northern Bengal and Assam. It is valued for its meat, hide and, above all, for its horn, which is worth half its weight in gold to be powdered for medicines. Although given official protection, it has little chance of survival in the face of such temptations, especially as it can be easily shot by poachers, and the horn, the most valuable part, is readily transportable.

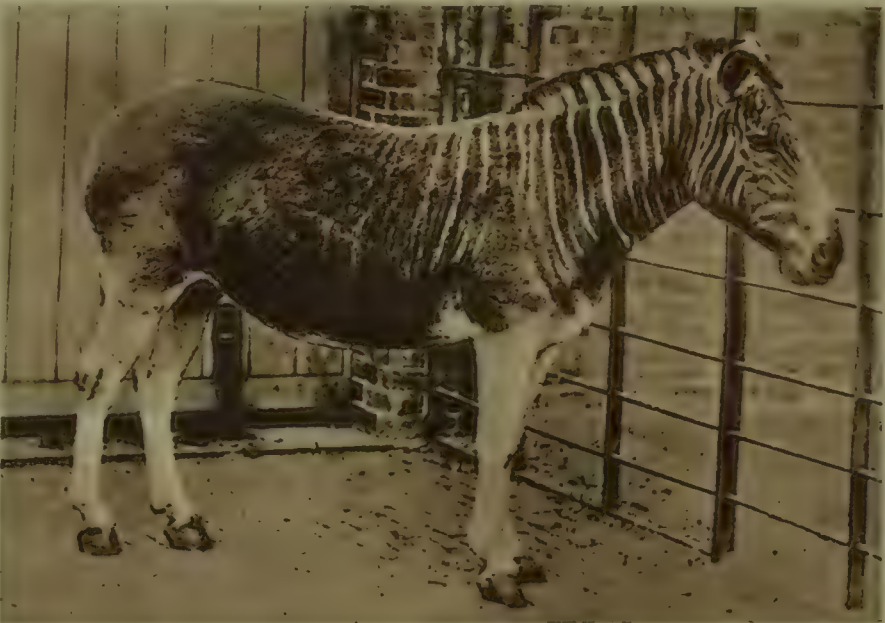
The Javan Rhinoceros is in still greater danger of extinction. Formerly it ranged over Bengal, Assam, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra and Java, but from most of this range it has been poached out of existence. An estimate made in 1937 gave the number left as sixty-six. The position to-day, after the disturbances of war and subsequent lawlessness, is unknown. The Sumatran Rhinoceros is slightly more numerous, but its numbers are decreasing. Fortunately, the White Rhinoceros and Black Rhinoceros are in slightly better case, although both exist in a fraction only of their former numbers, having also suffered from the attentions of the horn-hunters, aided by the introduction of modern firearms.

The preservation, at least for a while, of rare or diminishing wild animals is not the least of the services rendered by zoos, in both their restricted and their wider forms. And the smaller zoos, where we can get to know animals at much closer range, must give a great, if incalculable, stimulus to the general desire to preserve the wild life of the world against senseless extermination, or the inevitable reduction in numbers by the march of civilisation.



PROBABLY UNIQUE IN BEING A NON-DOMESTICATED ANIMAL UNKNOWN IN THE WILD STATE: PÈRE DAVID'S DEER (*ELAPHURUS DAVIDIANUS*).

In 1865, a herd of one hundred or so was seen by the French missionary whose name the deer now bears, in the Emperor's hunting park outside Pekin. Had this energetic naturalist not been successful in getting living specimens to Europe before the final extinction of the Pekin herd, the zoological world would probably have known nothing of the existence of this animal.



A MELANCHOLY EXAMPLE OF HOW QUICKLY EXTERMINATION CAN OVERTAKE THE MOST ABUNDANT OF ANIMALS: THE QUAGGA (*EQUUS QUAGGA*).

The Quagga, a relative of the zebras, was numerous in parts of Cape Province, and was hunted by the early settlers for its meat and hide, and by 1878 was extinct. Unlike the zebras, it was striped on the forequarters only. This photograph of an animal now extinct is believed to be unique.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

inter-breeding, combined with a slow rate of reproduction (the cows have one calf in three years), disease and natural enemies gradually reduced its numbers. During the First World War, the Bielowetza herd was completely exterminated by poaching, but in the 1920's the Polish Government restocked an enclosed area of the forest with bison brought from elsewhere in Europe, and the herd, under careful management, began to increase. The Second World War appears to have had a less devastating effect than the First, for in 1948 a total of fifty-three animals in good condition were reported in this reserve alone, and there were others in various zoos and parks elsewhere in Europe.

Early settlers found Quaggas numerous in the south-east of Cape Province, in troops of fifty or more. By the end of the first half of the nineteenth century, Boer hunters had wiped them out south of the Orange



ROMPING WITH MASTER: THE TAME LIONESS, WHICH IS NO LIGHT WEIGHT, LIES ON MR. WESTBEAU'S CHEST AND BOXES HIM PLAYFULLY.



RUBBING HER CHIN ON THE CAT'S BACK: TYKE, THE TAME LIONESS, DOESN'T WANT TO BE LEFT OUT OF THE FAMILY PARTY ON THE SOFA.



"I FIND THIS SO RELAXING": TYKE LIES ON HER BACK, WITH HER HEAD PILLOWED ON HER MISTRESS'S LAP, AND PURRS CONTENTEDLY AS HER CHEST IS RUBBED.



PLAYFULLY BITING HER MISTRESS'S ARM: TYKE WITH MRS. WESTBEAU, THE CAT AND THE DOG. THE LATTER SEEMS TO DISAPPROVE OF THE LIBERTIES THE LIONESS IS TAKING.



THE VELVET PAW: TYKE PATS MRS. WESTBEAU'S FACE WITH A PAW, IN WHICH THE CLAWS ARE CAREFULLY RETRACTED SO AS NOT TO HURT HER.



AN AFTERNOON NAP FOR THREE: TYKE FINDS THAT THE CAT'S HEAD IS A COMFORTABLE PILLOW FOR A LION'S FORTY WINKS, AND THE DOG JUST DOESN'T CARE.

Generally speaking, it is fairly simple to bring up a young wild animal as a domestic pet, but almost invariably the time arrives when it must either be given its freedom or presented to a zoo. As an animal develops and its strength increases, even its play may become dangerous to its owner, but in America, Mr. and Mrs. George Westbeau, who have a ranch at Auburn, Washington, have a tame lioness which is now three-and-a-half years old. The photographs of Tyke, the

tame lioness, which appear on this page come from a Pathé Newsreel (Associated British-Pathé Ltd.) which has been interesting cinema-goers. Tyke has been living with the family since she was a tiny cub weighing only 3 lb. She now weighs 325 lb. and lives on cereals and eggs and, so far, completely refuses meat. Tyke is very affectionate to her owners and good friends with the cat and the dog; she displays an extraordinary gentleness for such a strong animal.

HOME NEWS: A LANDMARK IN WORLD MOTORING HISTORY; ITEMS OF ROYAL, ARTISTIC AND ZOOLOGICAL INTEREST.



LONG BELIEVED A PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYN, BUT NOW THOUGHT TO SHOW CATHERINE SEDLEY, JAMES II.'S MISTRESS.

In the tercentenary year of Nell Gwyn's birth, the extremely popular portrait which has been in the National Portrait Gallery for many years—it was bought from a London dealer in 1858—and which was believed to represent Charles II.'s famous mistress, is now more or less conclusively stated to be a portrait of Catherine Sedley, the mistress of his brother, James II. This identification rests on a (in reverse) mezzotint, probably published in Nell Gwyn's lifetime [and definitely describing the sitter as Catherine Sedley. Nell Gwyn's best authenticated likeness is the Valck engraving which we reproduce above.



THE MOST RELIABLE PORTRAIT OF "PRETTY, WITTY NELL": VALCK'S ENGRAVING OF A LELY PORTRAIT.



JUST A FEW HOURS OLD: THE ZOO'S BABY CAMEL, WHICH ONLY SURVIVED FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, WITH HIS MOTHER.

Soon after Peggy, one of the London Zoo's bactrian, or two-humped camels, gave birth to a baby on March 11, she urged it out into the paddock, where a crowd soon gathered. Unhappily, the baby camel collapsed and died on the following day. The baby camel was the first to be born in the Zoo for several years, although one or two are born every year at Whipsnade. During the war Peggy gave birth to another baby which only lived for four days.



A LANDMARK IN MOTORING HISTORY: THE FIRST GAS-TURBINE CAR, DEVELOPED BY THE ROVER COMPANY. STANDING BY THE CAR (L. TO R.), MR. MAURICE WILKS, THE CHIEF ENGINEER; MR. S. B. WILKS, MANAGING DIRECTOR; AND MR. F. R. BELL, THE DESIGNER.



PUBLICLY DEMONSTRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON MARCH 9: THE GAS-TURBINE CAR; AN INTERIOR VIEW SHOWING THE DASHBOARD AND STEERING-WHEEL.

British engineering prestige has reached new heights, and a milestone in motoring history has been reached in this country, with the introduction of the gas-turbine car. The car, an open two-seater, was publicly demonstrated for the first time on March 9. It has only two pedals, for the accelerator and the brake. The power plant comprises a centrifugal compressor, dual combustion chambers, and an independent power turbine which is positively coupled through gearing and drives a conventional rear axle. The gearing incorporates a reverse gear, which is operated by a normal lever. The fuel may be petrol, Diesel oil or paraffin. This car has been made by The Rover Motor Company.



BEING WOVEN IN EDINBURGH: THE QUEEN'S COAT-OF-ARMS, SHOWING THE CARTOON BY STEPHEN GOODEN. Among the exhibits at the recent Arts Council Exhibition of Edinburgh Tapestries was Stephen Gooden's cartoon for H.M. the Queen's Coat-of-Arms which is being woven at the Dovecote studios of the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. There are over twenty different colours in the design. From the full-scale cartoon, or original artist's sketch, the design is traced on to the warp of the upright loom, and then woven by the artist-weavers.



CUSHIONED IN BEIGE VELVET QUILTING MADE BY A WELSH QUILT WIFE: THE STEEL-LINED OAK CHEST IN WHICH QUEEN MARY'S CARPET WILL TRAVEL TO AMERICA.



EMBROIDERED IN FULL COLOURS AND THREADS OF PRECIOUS METALS: QUEEN MARY'S COAT-OF-ARMS IN THE LID OF THE CHEST MADE TO CARRY HER CARPET.

Queen Mary's carpet, which is touring the United States and Canada, and is to be sold to help the dollar drive, is travelling in an oak steel-lined chest which has been presented by a firm of safe-makers. Queen Mary has signed three portraits of herself in a triptych frame which will become the property of the carpet's eventual owner. The interior of the chest is cushioned in beige velvet quilting, worked by Mrs. Amy Thomas, of Aberaman, Aberdare, a Welsh quilt wife who learnt her craft in Carmarthenshire more than fifty years ago.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER OF WORLD NEWS: A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.



WINTER SPORTS FOR HAMPSTEAD HEATH: WORKMEN ERECTING THE SCAFFOLDING TO CARRY THE ARTIFICIAL SKI-RUN AND JUMP WHICH WILL BE CREATED WITH IMPORTED SNOW.

The idea of a winter-sport centre convenient for the tubes and buses will no doubt appeal to many desk-bound Londoners; and our photograph shows the first stage of bringing this dream to life. On Hampstead Heath scaffolding is being erected which, it is stated, will allow, of a 140-ft. take-off run, a jump of 18 ft. and a landing section 106 ft. long. Snow imported from Norway is to be spread on wooden slopes, covered with straw mats. The opening date has been given as March 23.



DEMOLITIONS WHICH CAUSED RIOTS AND AN OUTBURST OF COMMUNIST ABUSE: BLOWING UP THE HERMANN GOERING STEEL PLANT AT WATENSTEDT-SALTZGITTER.

On March 6 anti-demolition rioters at Watenstedt-Saltzitter did considerable damage. German police being unable to keep order, British troops were called in to stand by; and an outburst of Communist abuse followed. On March 12, Sir Brian Robertson informed the Premier of Lower Saxony that modification suggestions for dismantling would not be considered unless action was taken against the instigators of the riot and the supine German police.



CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: THE BAND OF THE NATAL CARBINEERS, A REGIMENT WHICH TOOK PART IN THE DEFENCE OF THE TOWN, BEATING RETREAT OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, WATCHED BY CHELSEA PENSIONERS AND OTHER VETERANS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.



WHERE, SIR REDVERS BULLER'S SECOND ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE LADYSMITH WAS REPELLED BY THE BOERS: VETERANS RIDING OVER THE BATTLEFIELD OF SPION KOP.

The relief of Ladysmith on February 28, 1900, was an event which has not been forgotten by its gallant defenders. The fiftieth anniversary of that famous occasion was recently celebrated at Ladysmith and among those present were Chelsea Pensioners from England and other veterans of the South African War, including Boers who fought with the investing forces. The band of the Natal Carbineers, a regiment which took part in the defence, beat Retreat outside the City Hall during the celebrations.



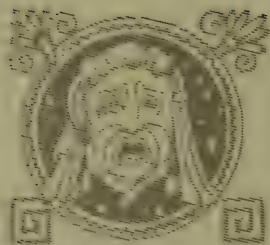
AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MARCH 11: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER BEFORE EMBARKING ON THEIR FLIGHT TO KENYA IN A VIKING OF THE KING'S FLIGHT.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester left London Airport on March 11 in a Viking of the King's Flight for Kenya, taking with them the King's Letters Patent raising Nairobi to the status of a city, for presentation to the Mayor and Council. They spent the night at Malta, as guests of H.E. the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, and on March 12 reached Cairo, where they stayed for one night with the British Ambassador, and took tea with King Farouk, who decorated the Duchess with the Order of Al Kamal and gave the Duke his portrait.



ON A FLYING VISIT TO LONDON: DR. JESSUP, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE, WITH HIS WIFE AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MARCH 10.

Dr. Jessup, United States Ambassador-at-Large, accompanied by his wife, arrived at London Airport on March 10 from Karachi. He has been making a 15,000-mile fact-finding tour of Eastern Asia and the Far East, and will present a report on which a new U.S. policy can be formulated. He arranged to have talks with Mr. Younger, Minister of State, and other Foreign Office officials before his departure for Paris on March 11.



The World of the Cinema.

TWO CURIOSITIES.

By ALAN DENT.

THE surprising storm of abuse which has greeted Noel Coward for his share—and it is a comprehensive share (author, chief actor, composer of tunes)—in the film made out of his own short play, "The Astonished Heart," will probably have shaken detached onlookers far more than it has shaken Mr. Coward, who must be used to downpours of criticism by this time. His is a heart not easily astonished. At twenty-one he was told that he must hasten to grow up and to stop putting his tongue out at the world. At thirty-one, having made his reputation as the smartest and wittiest of our comedy-writers and revue-makers, he startled us all with the serious sentiment of his patriotic panorama, "Cavalcade," in which the cynical and mocking tongue had completely disappeared, though there were not wanting some to surmise that it must be buried deep in his cheek. The genesis of "Cavalcade," by the way, is bound to be of special interest to readers of this journal, for Mr. Coward has recently written an introduction to his collected plays which contains this passage:

The original motive for "Cavalcade" was a long-cherished ambition to write a big play on a big scale, and to produce it at the London Coliseum. I toyed for a while with the thought of a French Revolution epic, a pageant of the Second Empire, and various other ideas which might give me enough scope for intimate characterisations against a background of crowd scenes. One day I happened to see in a back number of *The Illustrated London News* a photograph of a troopship leaving for the Boer War. Very soon after this the whole scheme of the play fell into my mind, and, after relating it to C. B. Cochran, and asking him to get me the Coliseum at all costs, I left for New York to play "Private Lives." A few months later I received a cable from him saying that the Coliseum was unobtainable, but that I could have Drury Lane provided that I would guarantee an approximate opening date. This was slightly agitating, but I cabled back that the play would be ready for production by the end of May.

This introduction generally makes it fairly clear that Mr. Coward was perfectly and honestly sincere when he wrote "Cavalcade." More by good luck than by good management, it was first presented a fortnight before a General Election which resulted in a sweeping Conservative majority. But Mr. Coward assures us that he was so extremely busy with rehearsals of his elaborate spectacular play, "and, as usual, so bleakly uninterested in politics," that he had not the slightest inkling until a day or two before the opening that an election was imminent.

A fortnight after the play's extremely successful launching, Mr. Coward left for South America, "flushed with heroism and extremely tired." He grants that a few shrill small voices had deplored his "fall from sophisticated wit into the bathos of jingoism," but these "were drowned out by the general trumpeting of praise." And Mr. Coward now declares that he is able to "meditate blissfully" upon the good fortune that prompted him to pick up "just that particular number of *The Illustrated London News*, instead of one of a later date depicting the storming of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg."

At forty-one Mr. Coward was presenting the most successful of all his comedies, "Blithe Spirit," and also writing and planning and preparing to act in his first important film, "In Which We Serve." And now in his fifty-first year he comes a temporary cropper with another film from his pen and in which he acts. "The Astonished Heart" was one of the series of short plays which Mr. Coward presented in the winter

of 1935-1936. It was a serious little play of the order of his still unacted "Post Mortem"—Coward without Noelisms. In this vein he has never been popular since his first success with "The Vortex." And yet "The Astonished Heart" made a memorable little play—a perfectly serious and often very shrewd account of how a psychiatrist was lured away from his

loyal wife by another woman who had been her school-friend. The other woman, Leonora, is the first to repent. The man Chris has discovered her flibbertigibbet past and taunts her unendingly, torturing himself with her confessions. He becomes mentally sick to a degree worse than any of his patients, whom, incidentally, he is beginning to lose. His wife Barbara sends him on a European trip with Leonora so that he can "get her out of his system." When the pair return he is more demented with jealousy than ever, and Leonora is anxious to escape from him.

The film is, as it were, an enlargement of the play, and the process reveals faults which did not seem to exist when Mr. Coward acted it so tensely with Gertrude Lawrence fifteen years ago. The film Leonora is the brilliant Margaret Leighton, who makes her a brittle beauty in innumerable lovely gowns. The film Barbara, on the other hand, is the poignant Celia Johnson, who always excels in the kind of long-suffering wife who sees no need to change more than twice a day. The film Chris is once again Mr. Coward, whose range of expressiveness seems, in this work at least, to be far less adaptable to the screen than to the stage. It is, in brief frankness, quite hopeless for Mr. Coward to try to present a man who has no sense of humour and who concludes as a suicide. He "brought it off" in the one-act play because he was cute enough to precede it with a one-act comedy and follow it with a one-act farce in both of which both he and Miss Lawrence fooled it to the top of their bent. But now that the little play has been expanded to a full-length film, it becomes difficult to take its portentous seriousness—especially that of its psychiatrist-hero—as seriously as is expected of us.

Personally I do not at all mind the "theatricality" of the dialogue and the situations, which is the chief reason why the film-critics *en masse* have disliked this film. I enjoy good "theatre" anywhere—even in real life, and even in a cinema. But it is the over-intensity of its moods which grows trying before the first hour is nearly over, and which keeps "The Astonished Heart" a curiosity rather than a satisfactory or satisfying film.

Another curiosity is "Bitter Rice," a sensational and mildly shocking study of life among the rice-fields in the valley of the Po. This is the latest import from Italy, and its director is Giuseppe de Santis, a young man of much promise and unequal talent. This film seems oddly undecided as to whether it will be a serious study of the workers' conditions, or a raw melodrama as to which of two young men will possess which of two young women in a morass of rice and vice. All four parties, it is made fully clear, turn out in the end to be doubly satisfied. They are vividly played by Silvana Mangano and Raf Vallone, Doris Dowling and Vittorio Gassman; and the prettiest scenes have rows of Sisley poplars in the background

and rows of wading rice-workers in the foreground, "knee-deep in the river" like George Meredith's cows in "Love in the Valley." But woe betide any Englishman who sees here the notion of a film about London's annual excursion to gather hops in Kent, with barnstorming episodes about how Bert "fell for" Lil, who had fallen for Bill before he fell for Gert! Such a foolhardy director might call his film "Bitter Hops," but he would at once be told that his narration and his plot were too crude to be true. Such squalor to be acceptable must be Italian or, at the very least, French—in films, at all events.



"A CURIOSITY RATHER THAN A SATISFACTORY OR SATISFYING FILM": "THE ASTONISHED HEART," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH BARBARA FABER (CELIA JOHNSON) FINDS THE QUOTATION IN THE BIBLE WHICH HER HUSBAND REQUIRES FOR A LECTURE, "THE LORD SHALL SMITE THEE WITH MADNESS AND BLINDNESS AND ASTONISHMENT OF HEART." SHE IS READING IT TO TIM (GRAHAM PAYN), HER HUSBAND'S ASSISTANT, AND SUSAN (JOYCE CAREY), HIS SECRETARY.



A FILM WHICH HAS BEEN GREETED WITH A "SURPRISING STORM OF ABUSE": "THE ASTONISHED HEART" (GAINSBOROUGH) IN WHICH NOEL COWARD IS AUTHOR, CHIEF ACTOR AND COMPOSER OF TUNES. A SCENE SHOWING DR. FABER (NOEL COWARD) AND LEONORA VAIL (MARGARET LEIGHTON) HAVING THEIR MOST VIOLENT AND FINAL QUARREL AFTER RETURNING FROM THEIR STAY TOGETHER IN VENICE.

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PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE END OF THE U.S. COAL DEADLOCK: MR. J. L. LEWIS (SECOND FROM LEFT) ABOUT TO SIGN THE NEW CONTRACT. The contract ending the strike of 370,000 soft-coal miners in the United States was signed in Washington on March 5. The men started to resume work on March 6, thus easing a situation that had threatened to cripple the nation's economy. The agreement covered the entire bituminous industry, and surprisingly included the southern operators, who had been holding out. Our photograph shows Mr. John L. Lewis, chief of the United Mine Workers, about to sign the new contract.



AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: THE WORLD FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONS. The world figure-skating championships were concluded at Wembley on March 8. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Miss A. Vrzanova (Czechoslovakia), who retained the world ice figure-skating title; Mr. R. Button (United States), who won the men's title for the third year in succession; and Miss K. Kennedy and Mr. M. Kennedy (United States), who won the World Pair Championship.



UNDER ARREST IN SINGAPORE: "TURK" WESTERLING (RIGHT), LEADER OF THE REBEL ARMY IN INDONESIA, SEEN HANDCUFFED TO HIS ESCORT. "Turk" Westerling, former leader of the Indonesian insurgent "Forces of the Queen of Justice," pleaded "Guilty" in a Singapore district court on March 8 to illegally entering the colony on or about February 22, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Police investigations had shown that he was picked up from a rubber dinghy off the coast of South-West Johore by a fisherman who had previously seen an aircraft circling low over the area.



DR. MORDECAI ELIASH. Died suddenly in London on March 10, aged fifty-seven. He was the first Israeli Minister to Britain and was appointed in February 1949. Born in the Ukraine, he was educated at Oxford and Berlin and began his law career in London. He represented the Jewish National Council before the United Nations Special Commission on Palestine.



OPENING THE TUNNEL FOR CYCLISTS AND PEDESTRIANS UNDER THE TYNE: MR. JOHN JAMES LAWSON, LORD LIEUTENANT OF DURHAM, CUTTING THE TAPE. On March 7 a ceremony took place 30 ft. below the Tyne in the centre of the new tunnel between Jarrow and Howdon, Northumberland, when Mr. John James Lawson, who was raised to the peerage in the Dissolution Honours List, cut the tape which marked the official opening of the tunnel. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Councillor A. Morrison, Mayor of Jarrow; Mr. J. Lawson; and Alderman Mrs. A. M. Hyde, Mayor of Wallsend. Work on the building of the tunnel had to be carried out under compressed-air conditions.

MRS. SERETSE KHAMA.

Mrs. Seretse Khama, formerly Miss Ruth Williams, and a London secretary, married Seretse Khama, who was studying law in London, at the Kensington Registry Office on September 29, 1948. She is expecting her first baby in the early summer and did not accompany her husband when he came to London for talks with the British Government.



DR. ALBERTUS L. GEYER. Appointed South African High Commissioner in London in succession to Mr. Leif Egeland, who is returning to South Africa in May. Dr. Geyer, who is fifty-six, is editor-in-chief of a pro-Government group of newspapers and has been editor of *Die Burger*, the main organ of the Nationalist Party, since 1924.



MISS FLORENCE HORSBRUGH. Elected M.P. for the Moss Side Division of Manchester with a majority of 8578 in a three-cornered fight. The contest at Moss Side was postponed from February 23 until March 9 owing to the death, after nomination day, of the Conservative candidate. Miss Horsbrugh was Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health, 1939-45.



AT THE ALBERT HALL RECEPTION AFTER THE YORKSHIRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, THE EMINENT CONDUCTOR, THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, TITO GOBBI AND SIGNORA GOBBI (L. TO R.).

YORKSHIRE MAYORS AT THE ALBERT HALL AFTER THE YORKSHIRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT: ALD. AND MRS. M. SCARGILL (DEWSBURY), COUN. AND MRS. G. S. MASON (KEIGHLEY), ALD. AND MRS. E. FIRTH (WAKEFIELD), COUN. S. E. AND MRS. BICKLE (OSSETT), MRS. K. M. NINER AND COUN. MRS. M. FISHER (MAYORESS AND MAYOR OF HARROGATE), AND ALD. D. J. CARTWRIGHT (HUDDERSFIELD).

Mayors and Mayoresses from Yorkshire towns attended the first London concert of the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra (founded 1947), held under the aegis of the *Yorkshire Evening News* at the Albert Hall on March 6, in aid of the S.S.A.F.A. The programme included Vaughan Williams's sixth Symphony, the "Emperor" Concerto, with Denis Matthews as soloist, Butterworth's "A Shropshire Lad" and the overture to "Rienzi"; and was brilliantly conducted by Mr. Maurice Miles.



GREETING MR. H. C. DRAYTON AT THE ALBERT HALL RECEPTION AFTER THE YORKSHIRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT: THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, WITH (CENTRE) THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF WESTMINSTER.



BOOKISH persons—among whom, I suppose, I must count myself—if they happened to stray into the pages of a Victorian novel, were as often as not exhibited to the world as vague, untidy, smothered in tobacco-ash, and oblivious to their surroundings. They sat dyspeptically amid a chaos of variegated literature which overflowed from shelves to chairs, and from chairs to floor, and by this means became both owl-like and erudite. A contrast to these forbidding characters was sometimes provided by a hearty gentleman who was not, as he put it, much of a reader, but who liked to have everything about him just so and knew very well that every man of standing in the world ought to possess a library, or at least a study. So he bought the best of bookcases, the finest of writing-tables, and gave an order to a bookseller to fill the former, while he wrote a fat cheque upon the latter. I used to think that each of these types existed only in the imagination of the ingenious authors until, one day in the 'twenties, I actually met a man who not only displayed all the qualities of this non-reading hero of fiction, but went one better. He explained to me, not without pride in his shrewdness, that he had acquired a large house, which he had furnished regardless of expense, but that as he failed to see the point of buying books which he did not intend to read, he had therefore ordered row upon row of dummy volumes—bindings only and all the best titles—so that he could sit in his library, gaze round his well-stocked shelves, feel at peace with the world, and tot up his accounts in an atmosphere befitting a man who had arrived. In



FIG. 2. "LESS HOMELY, MORE MANNERED, ALMOST STREAM-LINED COMPARED WITH THE OTHERS": A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY BUREAU BOOKCASE.

Imagine this bureau "for a moment without that elegant fret pediment which leads the eye upwards and adds height and takes away weight, and the subtlety of the design becomes apparent."

short, a "spiv" library, acquired a quarter of a century before that vivid slang word had been added to our vocabulary. I rank this non-fictional character high among my personal collection of oddities, and—since I seem to have embarked upon minor reminiscence—take leave to record yet another individual

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. READING AND WRITING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

who was, in his own way, the complement of the first.

This was an insensate collector of first editions who had acquired a series of expensive and important rarities, the great beauty of which was that the pages were uncut. They were all wrapped in brown paper and he boasted that he had never read a single one, not even in a later and less august edition, and had



FIG. 1. WITH TWO SMALL AND THREE LONG DRAWERS WITH "BUTTERFLY" BRASSES: A WILLIAM AND MARY WALNUT BUREAU.

"The finer the 'figure,' the more comely the proportions and—in the case of this particular type and other things being equal—the smaller the size, the more desirable in the eyes of the collectors. This one is 2 ft. 11½ ins. in height," writes Frank Davis of this piece.

no intention of doing so. Literature, he said, bored him. It so happened that all these precious brown-paper-wrapped parcels were stacked in a really beautiful burr-walnut cabinet very like Fig. 3 here, so, a little at a loss for a means of carrying on a conversation which was becoming difficult, I drew his attention to it, to be informed that he was not interested in trivialities of that sort—he had inherited the thing and it was useful. Well, whether your sole reading matter is Ruff's Guide or the A B C, and whether you write three-decker novels or merely concentrate upon orders from gardening catalogues, here are three classic pieces of furniture of a type which found favour with our ancestors and which are calculated to make ordinary life more agreeable. They are, it is true, very much out of the ordinary in quality—indeed, they have been chosen for that very reason—but their style is normal and one does not have to look very far before finding innumerable examples of the same family, including some by no means despicable Victorian imitations and adaptations. Hard things have been said, here and elsewhere, about the deplorable blight which descended upon furniture manufacturers during the nineteenth century. It is only fair to add that when those same manufacturers abstained from adding clumsy excrescences and kept to the old traditions, they produced some really good, honest pieces, made with carefully seasoned woods: nor did they scamp minor details, like the dovetailing of drawers and similar unseen niceties of construction.

But to return to Fig. 3. Period, William and Mary, or thereabout. The flap, of course, falls down, and inside are the usual pigeon-holes and small drawers. Beneath are four long drawers with brass handles and brass escutcheons round the keyholes. Two main virtues. First, good proportions; second (some will put this first), the sheer, natural beauty of the "figure" of the walnut. No fuss, no inlay, just carefully-chosen wood. Width, 3 ft. 4 ins.; height, 7 ft. 1 in. Similar pieces with plain doors instead of glass will be familiar to everyone. This type of bureau cabinet with its shelves for books or china is a natural

and sensible evolution from the simple bureau of Fig. 1. These also exist in considerable quantity and have uncounted descendants. The finer the "figure," the more comely the proportions and—in the case of this particular type and other things being equal—the smaller the size, the more desirable in the eyes of the collectors. This one is 2 ft. 11½ ins. in height. If you are looking for the very best, beware of the brass handles and escutcheons: they are usually the first things to have suffered damage or loss in the course of two-and-a-half centuries; if you are very picky indeed you will make sure that the screws which attach them to the wood are hand-made and even then you will bear in mind that it is possible to manufacture a hand-made brass screw to-day. Is this too nice a point? Very well, don't bother; but all the same, it is pleasant to poke about and ask questions. The normal, by the way, is four long drawers—the second row in this piece consists of two small ones. There is one irrelevant but practical irritation for all who use this sort of bureau. Most of us are liable to pile up papers and books on the writing flap and leave it open—then we want something from the upper drawer and either have to move everything away and shut the flap, or get down on our knees and perform acrobatics.

Move on fifty or sixty years and we have reached the age of Chippendale and of mahogany, of swan pediments, of elegant open fretwork, of gadroon carving at the edge of the main portion and at the base, of elaborately moulded handles—Fig. 2. This bureau is less homely, more mannered, almost streamlined compared with the others. Imagine it for a moment without that elegant fret pediment which leads the eye upwards and adds height and takes away weight, and the subtlety of the design becomes apparent. Chippendale's world of sober magnificence was also expressed in carved pedestal desks. Mahogany,



FIG. 3. WITH GOOD PROPORTIONS AND BEAUTY OF THE WOOD AS ITS MAIN VIRTUES: A WILLIAM AND MARY BUREAU CABINET IN BURR-WALNUT.

The two main virtues of this bureau cabinet are, according to Frank Davis, its good proportions and the sheer natural beauty of the "figure" of the walnut.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.

of course; in such fine pieces it may be observed that carving can be effective when it is superbly done and used with discretion. Beautiful designs of acanthus leaves and garlands of flowers on the corner are, for instance, among the decorations used.



"THE VISION OF ST. FRANCIS"; BY FILIPPO LAURI (1623-1694). A SIMILAR COMPOSITION, SIGNED WITH INITIALS, IS IN THE CORSINI GALLERY, ROME, AND VARIANTS EXIST ELSEWHERE.



"A WOODED LANDSCAPE"; BY CLAUDE GELLÉE (LE LORRAIN) (1600-1682). A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE GREAT FRENCH CLASSICIST.



"LANDSCAPE WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING"; BY ABRAHAM BLOEMAERT (1564-1651 C.), A MOST PROLIFIC ARTIST WHOSE WORK AS AN ENGRAVER IS VERY DISTINGUISHED.

THE exhibition of "Paintings by Old Masters," which opened recently at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries, will continue until March 31. It includes a number of works of interest and importance from various European schools—Italy, France, Germany and the Netherlands being represented. Filippo Lauri, younger son of Baltassare Lauri, "had a turn for poetry and was well acquainted with history and mythology and was a master of perspective." He frequently painted the figures in the landscapes by Claude. Abraham Bloemaert, the painter and engraver, born at Gorcum, Holland, was an extremely prolific artist and painted history, landscape, allegory, mythology, animals and flowers.

[Continued below.]



"MADONNA IN A LANDSCAPE"; GERMAN (PROBABLY BAVARIAN [DANUBE] SCHOOL, CIRCA 1510. THE LANDSCAPE IS PARTLY DERIVED FROM DÜRER'S EARLY ENGRAVING OF ST. EUSTACE.



"THREE BEGGAR BOYS"; BY BARTOLOMMEO SCHIDONE (1570-1615). IT RESEMBLES HIS "CHARITY," IN NAPLES

[Continued.] His pupils included his four sons, Hendrik, Frederik, Cornelis and Adriaan, as well as J. Gerritsen Cuyp, and Gerard and Willem van Hondhorst. Bartolommeo Schidone's works are rare—tradition attributes this to his love of gaming and the amount of time and substance which he wasted over this pursuit, and, indeed, he is said to have died in consequence of having lost more in a night than he could pay. The attribution of the "Three Beggar Boys" to him is based on its likeness to the Naples Gallery "Charity," a drawing for which is at Chatsworth.



"WOODED LANDSCAPE"; BY GASPARD DUGHET (1615-1675), THE BROTHER-IN-LAW AND DISCIPLE OF CLAUDE, WHOSE STUDIO HE LEFT WHEN AGED TWENTY.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I WAS prepared and eager to enjoy "The Unknown Disciple," by Francesco Perri (Bles; 12s. 6d.), a large and picturesque venture by a novelist of some repute, but it let me down. It is the first part of a historical trilogy, to be called "The Triptych of the Faith," and its unknown hero is the young man "who had great possessions." He is also the young man in a linen cloth, who fled naked after the betrayal of Christ. This tale presents him as the son of a Roman governor and an enthusiastic young Jewess, who has gladly sacrificed her virtue in the hope of proving a second Esther. But she has not Esther's luck. A boy is born, and Micol takes the first chance to circumcise him: which puts an end to the affair, and almost to her own life. She escapes, and vanishes; her son is left behind to grow up a Roman, and a rich man's heir. For after all, Valerius has no other child. He sends the boy home to a cousin, and dies soon afterwards.

In Rome, the little Marcus has a dreary, neglected boyhood—till the exhausted debauchee, his guardian, takes a wife. He chose her by divination, as a last resort, but it is no use. Varilia's only solace is to mother his charming ward—Adonias, as she fondly calls him by his Jewish name; and soon the pure lad and the virgin wife are all in all to each other. Both are aspiring, hapless, alien in a wicked world, and sighing devoutly for a better. And Varilia knows the way. It is an age of signs and portents, limitless credulity, and expectation of a great change. Time will be reborn—and for Varilia that means a rebirth of Dionysus, once more incarnate in a virgin to redeem his elect. This secret cult, both mystical and orgiastic, is the height of fashion in Rome. Marcus embraces it with fervour, and prepares for initiation.

However, the rites are interrupted by the police, and the lovers banished—Marcus to his native land. And here we plunge into the New Testament. The story goes on with increasing melodrama, but the Gospel runs side by side, and finally absorbs it. This was too bold—a fatal rashness, and, in a believer, a very strange one. To challenge comparison with such a text, to introduce the Son of God, expand his teaching, and report his thoughts in Gethsemane—how could it possibly succeed? What creative genius could afford to risk it?

Here, failure is naive and total. And the book has no characters; a rather sketchy Judas comes nearest. But the setting has vitality and breadth, and the local colour is veined with poetry.

Now for a more modest theme and a less distant age. "Wind of the Morning," by Reginald Kirby (Collins; 8s. 6d.), opens in the reign of Edward VI. Its hero is a young soldier of fortune, with no political attachments or distinct creed, but well-intentioned and obliging—in short, a drifter. First he drifts into the orbit of Princess Mary, and she prevails on him to serve Northumberland as a spy. Not that he likes spying. In this capacity, he warns her of the plot to enthrone "Queen Jane": not that he has anything against poor Queen Jane. Later, with some inconsequence, he drifts into Wyatt's rising; but in such a temporary, off-hand way that Mary never finds out, but innocently smooths his path to a happy ending. Up to the last moment he has drifted between two sweethearts—in no dishonourable spirit; he loves them both, and simply cannot make up his mind.

Then there is a family secret and a dark enemy, and other oddments of romance. It is all quite guileless; the historical events are sketched in with modest care, and the hero's wavering allegiance and lack of standpoint, though rare in fiction, must have been common, or indeed the rule, in that perplexed age.

But, as they say, it is "just a story"; "Prairie," by Laura Talbot (Macmillan; 9s. 6d.), must be judged as a work of art. Emily has loved her husband till the first chapter; she dresses for the Tenants' Ball on purpose to win him back. Though it seems a faint hope, after seven years. She lost him at the birth of Katy—their second child, and now there can be no son. And William, with his passion for the land, can't forgive her. They are an ill-assorted couple, in any case: William prim, orderly and neurasthenic, Emily (in her own eyes and, I suspect, the author's) all fire and air. But still she loves him devotedly. Now she insists on captivating him with her tiara, though he thinks it unsuitable. But when he does come to her that night, her love is gone. She has transferred it to a tenant-farmer named Hayton.

Or, rather, Hayton has become an object that she must have, and feels entitled to. She may not be fond of lying; she may not like exploiting and distressing her little girls. She certainly has no desire to marry this working farmer. But she has a right to Hayton on her own terms, at any cost. And when the time comes to pay, she has the ultimate resource of going mad. William is always telling her she is unbalanced—and he is quite right. They ought to shut her up, before she does something horrible. In fact, they are obliging her to do something horrible, by way of proving herself mad, because she is mad.

This convulsion of psychology is not without humour: for instance, we have poor William crying that she is mad to call herself mad. The narrative is gripping, and the children have a real pathos. But for me the writer's cult of Emily spoils the book. She is designed to charm—to be, in gayer moods, a blithe spirit, and then a wild, poetical Ophelia drowned in suffering. But really she appears throughout as a complete narcissist.

"The Wrong Way Down," by Elizabeth Daly (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is rather baffling to sketch—as well it might be, with its empty house, its talk of long-ago seances, and now the spooky transformation of an old print. The house is being shut up and the things disposed of by old Miss Paxton, a friend of Henry Gamadge's wife; so Henry comes into the affair by chance, on a social call. As for the mysterious lettering beneath the print, where no letters were—he is not spooky, and can think of quite a good explanation. But there is worse behind. Indeed the print was irrelevant, a wild yet paltry divagation from a much blacker purpose. However, it betrays the criminal at long last. I wished it could have stopped the crime—but then there could be no story, and the story is excellent.—K. JOIN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SAINTS AND SUFFERERS.

OVER much of the face of the earth darkness has fallen. That the darkness has Draconic rules and bitter discipline to maintain it, does not mean that there is not a great similarity between the Dark Ages which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and the dark age of Stalin. Indeed, the fact that our latter-day barbarians wear suits of bourgeois respectability, like Mr. Molotov, or (when it suits them) use the language of diplomatic protocol, like Mr. Vyshinsky, merely heightens the similarity. As Mr. T. F. Lindsay in his admirable life of "St. Benedict" (Burns Oates; 10s. 6d.) points out, the Roman Empire's collapse was due far more to internal decay (oh! alarming parallels with our own day and age!) than to swarming hordes of savages from across Rhine and Danube. As he says: "The first movements known as 'barbarian invasions' were not invasions at all, but revolts of properly constituted imperial troops. Alaric the Goth was not a foreign chieftain appearing from beyond the frontier, but a Roman cavalry general, dissatisfied with his position."

But whether they spoke the language of Rome, minted coins in the Roman tradition and (when the overriding requirements of brigandage and rapine momentarily permitted) even aped the manners of Roman senators, the effect of the barbarians was the same—a spiritual and material darkness which filled the vacuum left by the Roman Empire. That Western civilisation—which is once again threatened—was enabled painfully to re-establish itself is due to the Church, and particularly to St. Benedict. This remarkable man, whose religious mission began as a hermit and an ecstatic, but who ended as the founder of an Order which was above all the exponent of the theory that work, whether with brain or hand, is a noble thing, transformed not merely the religious but the social life of the dawning Middle Ages. As Cardinal Newman wrote: "Silent men were observed about the country, or discovered in the forest, digging, clearing and building; and other silent men, not seen, were sitting in the cold cloister, tiring their eyes and keeping their attention on the stretch, while they painfully deciphered the manuscripts they had saved . . . by degrees the woody swamp became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning and a city. Roads and bridges connected it with other abbeys and cities, which had similarly grown up, and what the haughty Alaric or fierce Attila had broken to pieces, these patient, meditative men had brought together and made to live again."

Mr. Lindsay's book—written in a style which is in itself a joy—is timely. It is primarily directed to a Roman Catholic audience. But for those of us who are not of that flock it is a proper reminder that the crust of civilisation—by which I mean Christian Western European civilisation—is thin, and only vigilance, faith and works can keep it intact.

I am no hagiologist, but I must confess I find equally attractive "St. Francis of Assisi," by Omer Englebert, translated by Edward Hutton (Burns Oates; 16s.). There are, of course, far more "sources" about St. Francis than about his predecessor by more than seven centuries, St. Benedict. This book is therefore a fuller and heavier one than Mr. Lindsay's and lacks, alas, Mr. Lindsay's admirable interjections of St. Benedict's sense of humour. But the "Little Poor Man" has always been a pleasing figure. This young rake—and for all his latter-day pious apologists' whitewashing, he was a young rake—who painted the little warring town of Assisi at all events a perceptible pink, has become one of the most attractive of all the great figures of ecclesiastical literature. Surely the whitewash is not needed. The rich young bourgeois—his head full of dreams of knightly fame—set out to join the pontifical army, and returned suddenly to be "the troubadour of God" to marry "Lady Poverty," to embrace lepers, to consort with and convert the most lowly and to found the gentlest sect. Surely the greatness and completeness of the conversion is its own justification? Mr. Hutton's book is patient, scholarly, exhaustive—and moving.

All great religious movements—at least, all great Christian movements—have shown in their beginnings an endearing patience and humility in the face of persecution. The Quakers are pre-eminent in this field. "Quaker Social History," by Arnold Lloyd (Longmans; 21s.), is an erudite work covering the years 1669-1738—the years, that is to say, when the Friends took shape and became a Church. They were largely years of persecution—though Dr. Lloyd pays tribute to the efforts of Charles II. and particularly James II. to relieve the Quakers in the face of the intolerance of their fellow-subjects. Indeed, nothing could be nobler than the manly defence of James II. made by William Penn before the Council a fortnight after the Jacobites had fled, concluding, "that King James had always been his friend and his father's friend; and that in gratitude he himself was the King's, and did ever, as much as in him lay, influence him to his true interest." This interesting book fills with distinction a gap in the reader's knowledge of an important aspect of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It is said that in some parts of the West of Ireland peasants still say a prayer for the "holy Quakers," a testimony to the relief work organised by the Friends in the great famine of just over a century ago. "Country and Town in Ireland Under the Georges," by Constantia Maxwell (Dundalk Press; 21s.), explains by inference the social and economic forces which made the famine possible. This book—pleasantly written and packed with meat—is illustrated copiously with the interest and distinction which we on this side have come to associate with Professor Richardson and the admirable products of the Batsford stable. All I can say about "Victory in My Hands," by Harold Russell (John Lehmann; 10s. 6d.), the true story of the star of "The Best Years of Our Lives," who has taught himself to live a normal existence with the aid of the steel hooks which replaced the hands he lost in the war, is that it is one of the most moving books I have ever read. But you must get it for yourself. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE PAWNS IN FRONT OF YOUR KING.

DIAGRAM "A" shows the commonest pawn situation arising after castling. The drawback is the possible "mate on the back rank" when a hostile rook comes down to your K1 square. This can be guarded against by moving one of the pawns one square (not two squares, unless the position of the pieces justifies your thinking of attack as well as defence). This provides a bolt-hole for the king if a rook attacks it from the side. It rarely pays to move the bishop's pawn, because that opens up a diagonal on to your king along which a bishop or queen may become obstreperous. If the rook's pawn moves, it does not deprive any square of protection, but as Diagram "B" makes clear, you allow Black to counter-attack if he wishes by playing a pawn to the square X; that pawn in advancing will have opened up a file behind it, along which a rook may menace.

Moreover, in a configuration such as "C," by . . . B×P Black can win a pawn, whereas the same move would, prior to your P-KR3, have netted him no material. Similarly, advancing the knight's pawn as in "D" allows different break-ups by hostile pawns and pieces, and the two squares marked Y are so dangerously weak that the masters almost invariably post a bishop on X to guard these squares.

From Diagram "A" White can always change at will to "B" or "D." From Diagram "B" or "D," since a pawn is not allowed to move backwards, he can never again revert to "A."

The opponent who is trying to formulate plans for an attack against "A" has a complex task, for it may alter to "B" or "D" at any moment, which is nearly always, in practice, the moment that suits him worst. The moment "B" or "D" has been set up, his task becomes simpler. Admittedly, White could alter "B" or "D" by further advances, but as soon as a pawn has advanced to the fourth rank, it may be subject to counter-attack in one move by either of two opposing pawns. To push on further than "B" or "D" may be a serious matter.

Consequently, it usually pays to retain the configuration "A" as long as possible. But what about that mate on the back rank? You should guard against it by careful disposition of your pieces, rather than by creating a bolt-hole with the disadvantages we have seen.

Up to now, we have not considered the position of the hostile king. This affects the play a lot. If your opponent has castled on the same side, the pawns can be advanced more lightheartedly because, if he counter-attacks with pawns—e.g., by advancing to X in Diagram "B," he weakens his own king's position. If he has castled or can castle on the opposite side, it is doubly dangerous to depart from "A"; attack his king—forget yours!

You will frequently have to decide whether to drive away a bishop which has come to pin your knight as in Diagram "E." By 1. P-KR3, B-R4; 2. P-Kt4, you destroy the pin. The same considerations apply; if your opponent has castled the same side, it might pay to do so; but if he has not, you may be inviting disaster, for after 2. . . B-Kt3 a counter-attack by 3. . . P-KR4 or 3. . . P-KB4 is immediately "in the air."

DIAGRAM "A."



DIAGRAM "B."



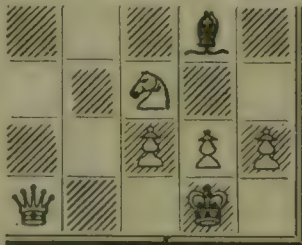
DIAGRAM "C."



DIAGRAM "D."



DIAGRAM "E."



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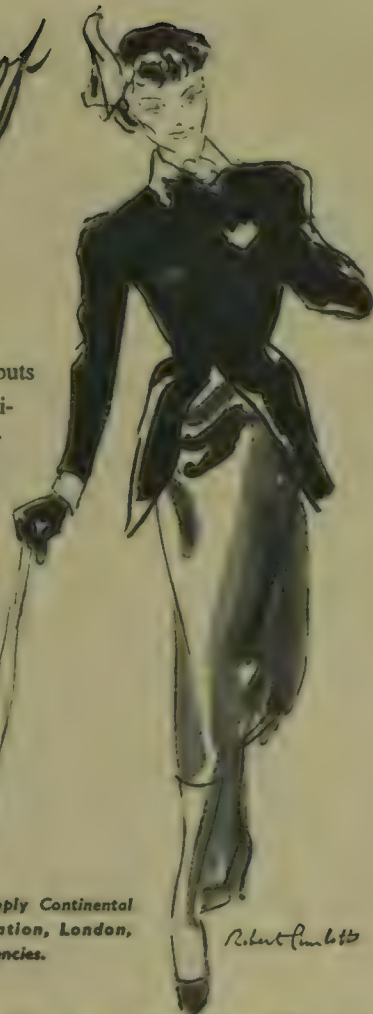
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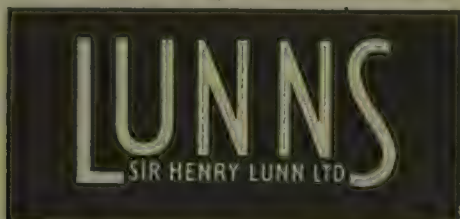
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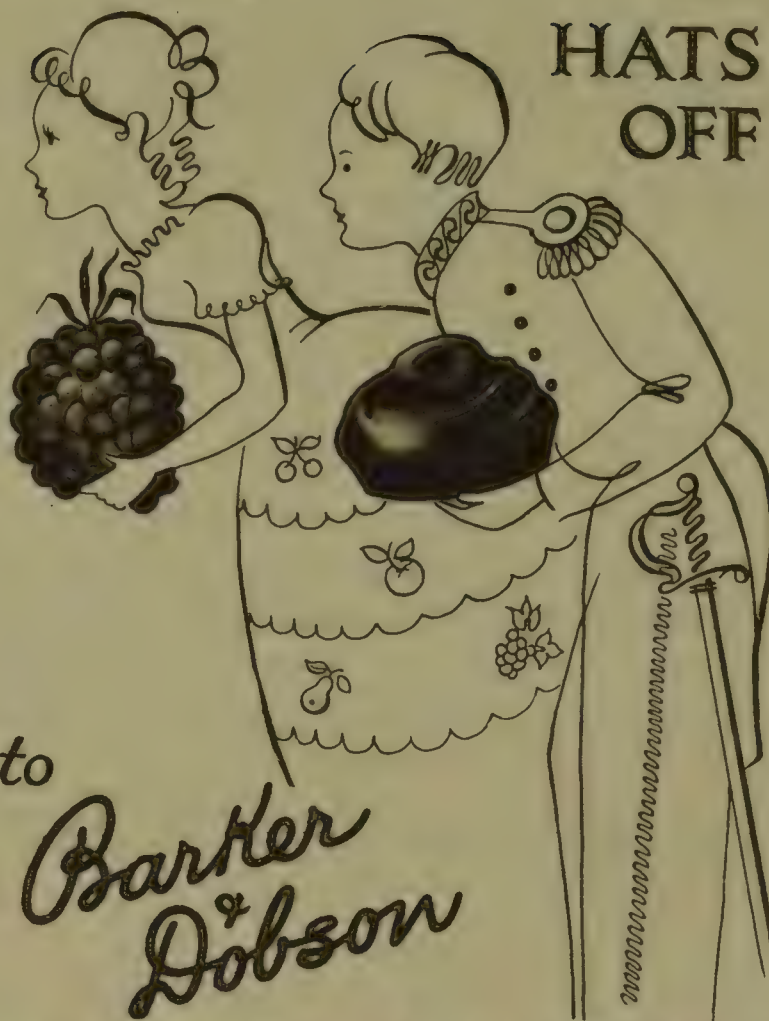
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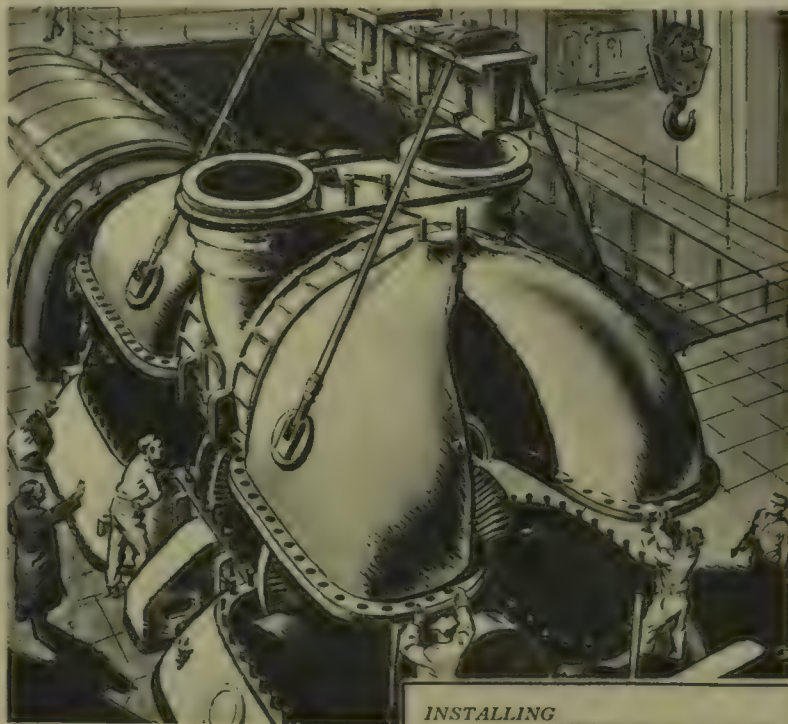
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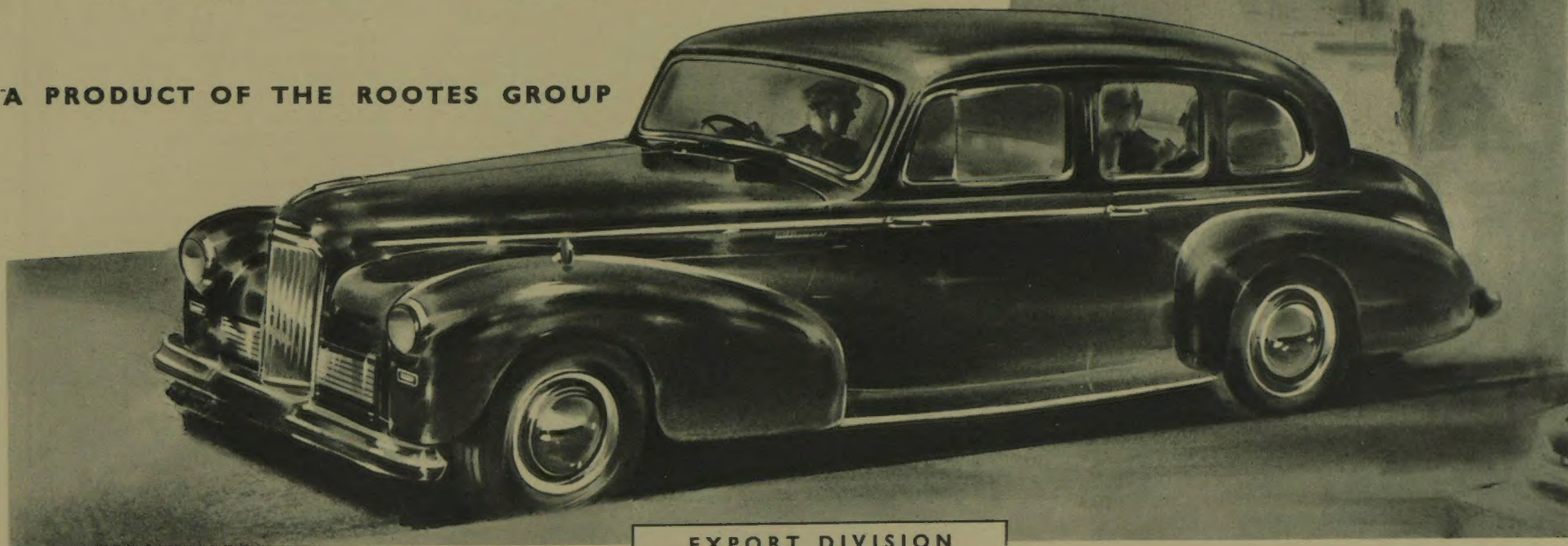
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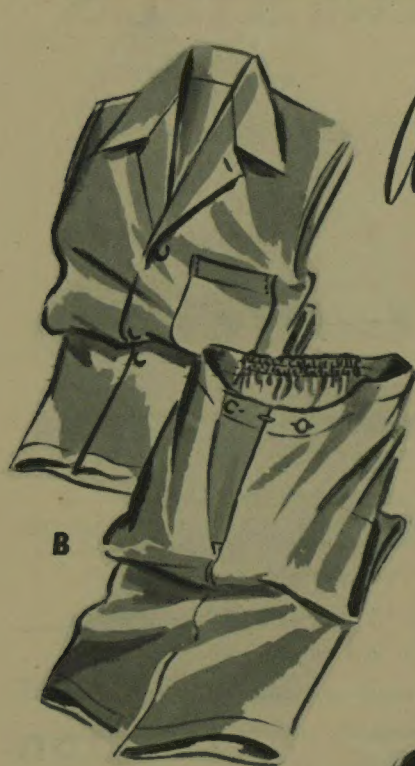
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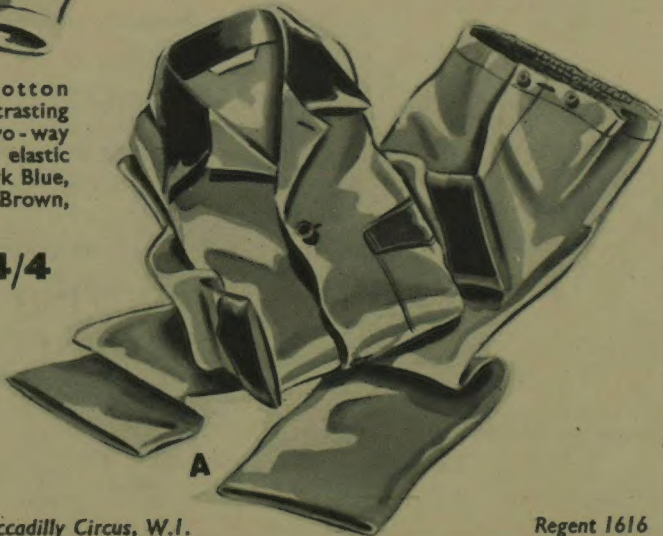
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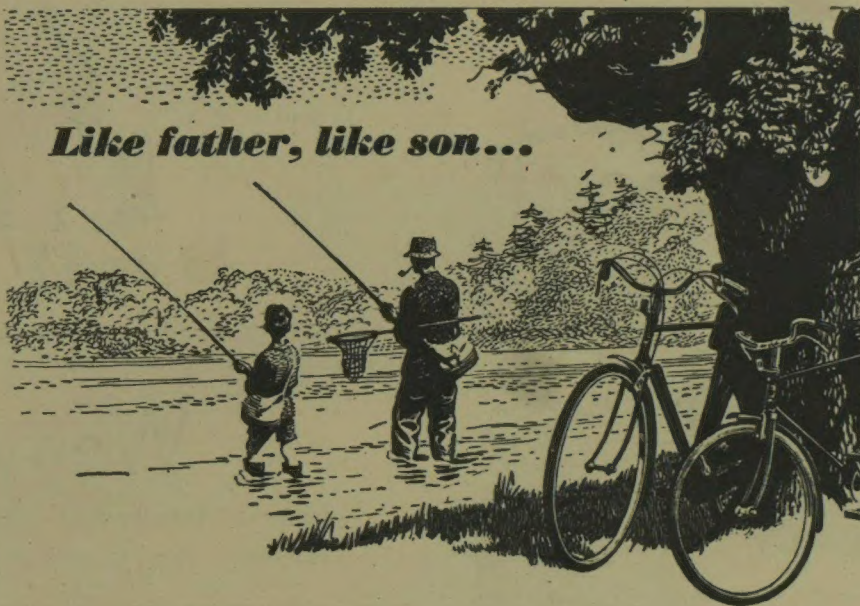
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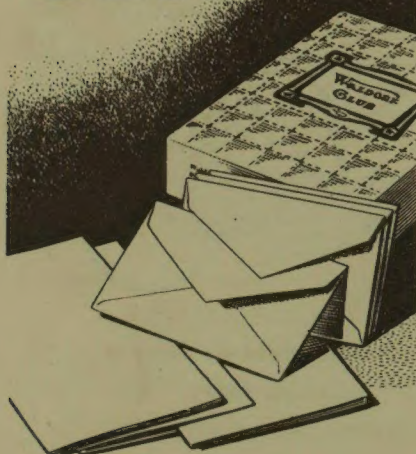
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